

Mr Wilmes BK

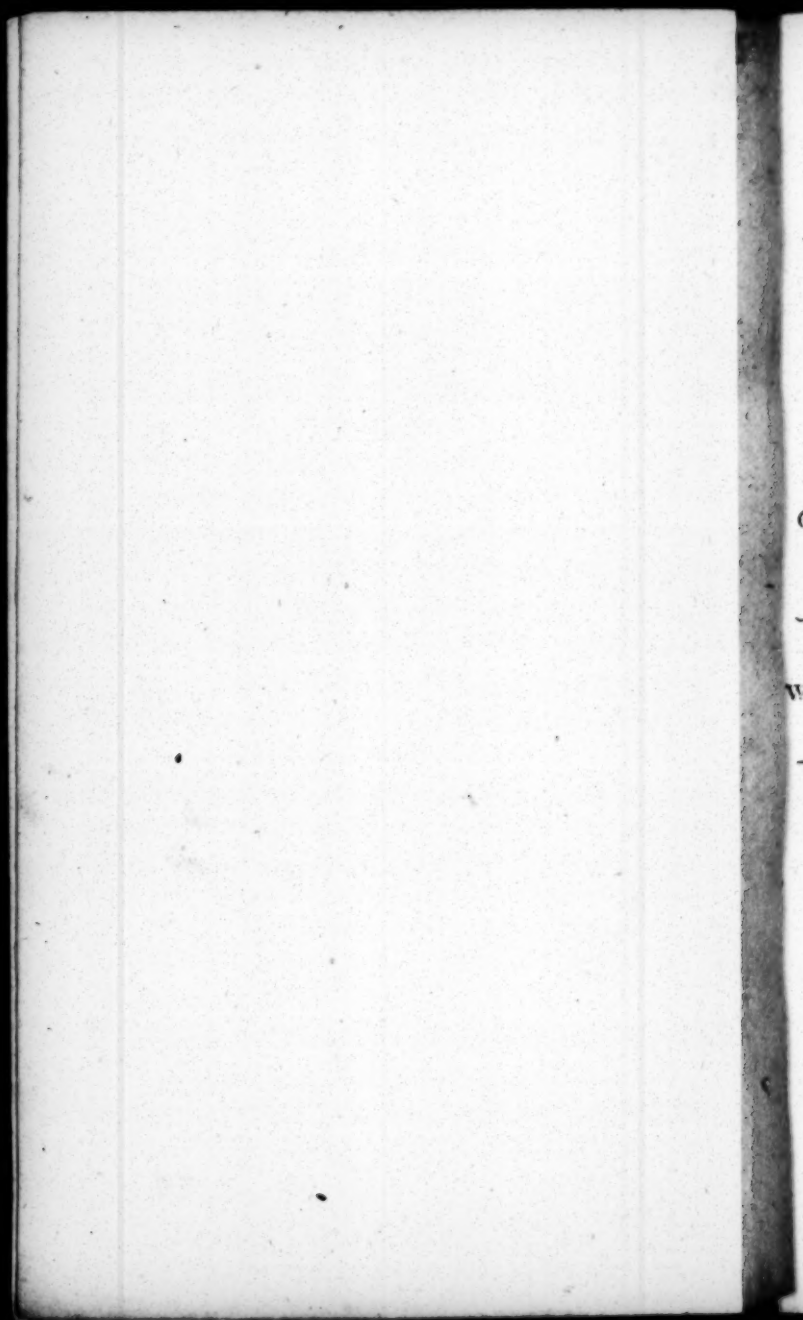
Bought at
the sale of the late
Rev. A. M. Gencham

M Wilmes

Jan 45



3440. i. 30



H Y M N S, &c.

COMPOSED ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

By *J. HART.*

K

O sing unto the Lord a new Song, for he hath done MAR-
VELLOUS THINGS ; His right Hand and his holy
Arm hath gotten him the Victory. PSALM xcvi. 1.

THE THIRTEENTH EDITION,
WITH THE AUTHOR'S EXPERIENCE, THE SUP-
PLEMENT, AND APPENDIX.

CORRECTED FROM AN EDITION PRINTED UNDER
THE AUTHOR'S INSPECTION.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED BY T. BENSLEY ;

And sold by the Author's Daughter, No. 58, Golden
Lane, opposite Bond's Brewhouse ; Mrs. NEWBURY,
the Corner of St. Paul's Church Yard, Ludgate Street ;
M. PRIESTLEY, Paternoster Row ; and at the Meet-
ings in Jewin Street and Barbican.

1796.



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ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS book of Hymns so exactly describes the preaching of the late Mr. Hart, that it may justly be said, in them "he, being dead, yet speaketh." Herein the doctrines of the gospel are illustrated so practically, the precepts of the word enforced so evangelically, and their effects stated so experimentally, that with propriety it may be styled, "A treasury of doctrinal, practical, and experimental Christianity." And, though it be confessed that it is peculiarly adapted to circumstances of temptation and distress, yet it will recommend itself to Christians in general, distinguished by the Author in the following concise character—that keep the faith of Christ and the commands of God.

These Hymns have already gone through several, and some of them large, editions. They have likewise been copied into various collections, published by different persons;

of whom it is requested that they would affix the Author's name to the hymns they copy, as it would be a means, not only of spreading a valuable performance, but also of assisting the Daughter of the deceased; who has lately experienced a continued series of trials in the loss of her husband, &c. and is now left a widow with two small children, totally unprovided for. And it would be an additional advantage to the widow and fatherless children if the purchasers would be kind enough to buy the Book of herself; or at the Meeting-houses in *Jewin Street* and *Barbican*; or of Mr. Hide, No. 6, Prince's Street, Barbican; which would be the same as if bought of herself, and would demonstrate respect to the memory of the venerable Author and his divine Master.—The latter part of the above particulars are added to the advertisement, found in former editions, by the public's

Much obliged servant,

JOHN TOWERS.

No. 9, Jacob's Passage,
Barbican.

Feb. 1, 1796.

TO
THE READER.

IN the second edition of my Hymns the Preface was omitted for several reasons, the chief of which were these.

I thought the account of my experience was sufficiently published and dispersed in the first edition, and therefore there needed no repetition of it; especially as the book was now more adapted (by the addition of the Supplement) to public worship, where narratives of any kind are not very necessary: nor was I without apprehension that some ill use might be made of it, as there are several passages in it that may not suit the condition of many Christians. It was therefore to be feared that some foolish men might take the liberty from it to turn the grace of God into lasciviousness; and that what was designed to display the infinite mercy of God to his children, might be made, by the tempter's craft, an occasion of falling.

But the earnest and repeated inquiries that were made after the preface, and the longing desire some expressed for it, and (what was above all) the

To the READER.

several accounts I received from serious Christians, to whom it had been much blessed, did at last (as so many calls of Providence, which I was unwilling to resist) prevail upon me to reprint it in the third edition; and for the same reasons it was judged proper to continue it.

I beseech Almighty God to make it further useful to his children, in making them see by it the riches of his free grace to the worst of men; for which intent it was written. And let those who may be tempted thereby to tempt God, or to backslide, in hopes of being so miraculously reclaimed, consider that the repentance to salvation given me may not be given to them. I charge them therefore, in the name of God, to beware of any such diabolical delusion; for they who say, Let us sin that grace may abound, their damnation is just. And the damnation which men incur, by a presumptuous wilful abuse and contempt of the Gospel, is worse than that of Sodom and Gomorrah; for our God is a consuming fire.

P R E F A C E

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THE following Hymns were composed, partly from several passages of Scripture laid on my heart, or opened to my understanding from time to time by the Spirit of God, or else hinted to me by other Christians (of which latter there are indeed but very few); partly from impressions felt under different frames of spirit at the times when they were respectively written, and partly from spontaneous impulses or serious reflections on such subjects as accidentally occurred to my mind. There are also passages interspersed here and there that were written many years ago on various occasions, and now thought worthy, after a long suppression, of being revived and brought to light; but these likewise are very few.

They were begun almost two years ago; but have been greatly impeded and often interrupted by disorder and darkness of soul, afflictions and temptations of various kinds, and other hindrances. They are not only published in the same *order*, but almost in the same *manner*, in which they were first written: for, though they have since undergone a cursory revival, and have been lightly retouched, the

alterations I have made in them are neither very numerous nor material.

I desire wholly to submit them, with myself, to the all wise disposal of that God, the sweet enlivening influences of whose blessed Spirit I often felt while they were composing. All I would humbly wish is, that Jesus of Nazareth, the mighty God, the friend of sinners, would be pleased to make them in some measure (weak and mean as they are) instrumental in setting forth his glory, propagating and enforcing the truths of his gospel, cheering the hearts of his people, and exalting his inestimable righteousness, upon which alone the unworthy author desires to rest the whole of his salvation.

Though the rich displays of God's free sovereign grace and electing love to me the chief of sinners may be seen, by an enlightened eye, in several parts of the compositions; and though one of them in particular (No. 27, page 39, entitled, *The Author's own Confession*) be written professedly with that view; I shall nevertheless lay hold on the present occasion to make my public acknowledgment of God's unmerited mercy to me, by giving a brief and summary account of the great things he hath done for my soul: I say, *a brief and summary ac-*

count; for a minute and circumstantial detail of them would more than fill an ample volume.

AS I had the happiness of being born of believing parents, I imbibed the sound doctrines of the Gospel from my infancy; nor was I without touches of heart, checks of conscience, and meltings of affections by the secret stirrings of God's Spirit with me while very young: but the impressions were not deep, nor the influences lasting, being frequently defaced and quenched by the vanities and vices of childhood and youth.

About the twenty-first year of my age I began to be under great anxiety concerning my soul. The spirit of bondage distressed me sore; though I endeavoured (as I believe most under legal convictions do) to commend myself to God's favour by amendment of life, virtuous resolutions, moral rectitude, and a strict attendance on religious ordinances. I strove to subdue my flesh by fasting, and other rigorous acts of penance and mortification; and whenever I was captivated by its lusts (which indeed was often the case) I endeavoured to reconcile myself again to God by sorrow for my faults; which, if attended with tears, I hoped would pass as current coin with heaven; and then I judged myself whole again, and to stand on equal terms with my foes, till the next fall, which generally succeeded in a short time.

In this uneasy restless round of sinning and repenting, working and dreading, I went on for above seven years; when, a great domestic affliction befalling me (in which I was a moderate sufferer, but a monstrous sinner), I began to sink deeper and deeper into conviction of my nature's evil, the deceitfulness and hardness of my heart, the wickedness of my life, the shallowness of my Christianity, and the blindness of my devotion. I saw that I was in a dangerous state, and that I must have a better religion than I had yet experienced before I could with any propriety call myself a Christian. How did I now long to feel the merits of Christ applied to my soul by the Holy Spirit! How often did I make my strongest efforts to call God *my God*! But alas! I could no more do this than I could raise the dead. I found now, by woful experience, that faith was not in my power; and the question with me now was, not whether I *would* be a Christian or no; but whether I *might*; not whether I should repent and believe; but whether God would give me true repentance and a living faith.

After some weeks passed in this gloomy, dreadful state, the Lord was pleased to comfort me a little, by enabling me to appropriate, in some measure, the merits of the Saviour to my own soul. This comfort increased for some time; and my understanding was also wonderfully illuminated in reading the holy Scriptures, so that I could see Christ in many passages where before I little imagined to find him, and was encour-

raged to hope I had an interest in his merits and the benefits by him procured to his people.

In this blessed state my continuance was but short; for, rushing impetuously into notions beyond my experience, I hastened to make myself a Christian by mere doctrine, adopting other men's opinions before I had tried them; and set up for a great light in religion, disregarding the internal work of grace begun in my soul by the Holy Ghost. This *liberty*, assumed by myself, and not given by Christ, soon grew to *libertinism*; in which I took large progressive strides, and advanced to a dreadful height both in principle and practice. In a word, I ran such dangerous lengths both of carnal and spiritual wickedness, that I even out went professed infidels, and shocked the irreligious and profane with my horrid blasphemies and monstrous impieties. Hardness of heart was, with me, a sign of good confidence; carelessness went for trust, empty notions for great light, a seared conscience for assurance of faith, and rash presumption for Christian courage.

My actions were in a great measure conformable to my notions: for, having (as I imagined) obtained by Christ a liberty of sinning, I was resolved to make use of it; and thought the more I could sin without remorse, the greater hero I was in faith. A tender conscience I deemed weakness; prayer I left for novices and bigots; and a broken and contrite heart was a thing too low and legal for me to *approve*, much more to *desire*. Not to dwell on particulars, I shall only say (what,

though shocking to hear, is too true !) that I "committed all uncleanness with greediness."

In this abominable state I continued, a loose backslider, an audacious apostate, a bold-faced rebel, for nine or ten years, not only committing acts of lewdness myself, but infecting others with the poison of my delusions. I published several pieces on different subjects, chiefly translations of the ancient heathens ; to which I prefixed prefaces and subjoined notes of a pernicious tendency ; and indulged a freedom of thought far unbecoming a Christian. But God, who is rich in mercy, and whose grace is, like himself, almighty, did not altogether give me up to hardness and impenitence : I felt, from time to time, meltings of heart, and inward compunction ; and had a secret hope at the bottom (which often rose above my gross corruptions) that I should not always go on in this abandoned manner, and run as reprobate to final perdition.

About seven or eight years ago I began by degrees to reform a little, and to live in a more sober and orderly manner. And now, as I retained the form of sound words, and held the doctrines of free grace, justification by faith, and other orthodox tenets, I was tolerably confident of the goodness of my state ; especially as I could now also add that other requisite, a moral behaviour. Surely, thought I, though I have been so profligate and profane, yet as I am now reclaimed, and am not only sound in principles, but sober and honest in practice, I cannot but be in the right way to the favour of God.

For several years I went on in this easy, cool,

smooth, and indolent manner, with a lukewarm insipid kind of religion, yet not without some secret whispers of God's love, and visitations of his grace, and now and then warm addresses to him in private prayer. But alas! all this while my heart was whole; the fountains of the great deeps of my sinful nature were not broken up. I was therefore conscious that the written word of God was against me, especially those parts of it that represent the children of God as a poor, afflicted, mourning, broken-hearted people; of which characteristics I was destitute: nor was the blood of Christ effectually applied to my soul. I looked on his death indeed as the grand sacrifice for sin; and always thought of him with respect and reverence; but did not see the inestimable value of his blood and righteousness clearly enough to make me abhor myself, and count all things else but dung and dross. On the contrary, when I used to read the scriptures (which I now did constantly, both in English and the original languages), though my mind was often affected, and my understanding illuminated by many passages that treated of the Saviour; yet I was so far from seeing or owning that there was such a necessity for his death, and that it could be of such infinite value as is represented, that I have often resolved (O the horrible depth of man's fall, and the desperate wickedness of the human heart!) that I never would believe it; and have been tempted to tell God himself that he could not make me, without injuring my reason, and imposing on my understanding by downright violence and perverse power.

About three or four years ago I fell into a deep despondency of mind, because I had never experienced grand revelations and miraculous discoveries. I was very melancholy, and shunned all company, walking pensively alone, or sitting in private, and bewailing my sad and dark condition, not having a friend in the world to whom I could communicate the burden of my soul; which was so heavy, that I sometimes hesitated even to take my necessary food. But, after many a gloomy doleful hour spent in solitude and sorrow, not without strong and frequent cries and tears to God, and beseeching him to reveal himself to me in a clearer manner, I thought he asked me, in the midst of one of my prayers, Whether I rather chose the visionary revelations of which I had formed some wild idea, or to be content with trusting to the low despised mystery of a crucified man? I was enabled to prefer the latter; and felt great comfort in expecting the future effects of my choice.

But gloom of mind and dejection of spirit still frequently overwhelmed me: from which I used to be relieved by pouring out my soul to Christ, and beseeching him with cries, and groans, and tears, to reveal himself to me; praying at the same time it might be done without pain: for I was so much a coward, that I preferred ease to every other consideration. I was often answered by such portions of scripture as these: *Behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me—That which thou hast already hold fast till I come.* To the latter of these I closed my hands fast, and cried, I

would sooner part with every drop of blood than let go the hopes I already had in a crucified Saviour: and to the *former* I used to reply (after considering the words, *My reward is with me*), “Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.” For, though I expected some sore visitation; yet, believing that Christ would bring strength and power with him, I waited, and longed for his coming.

The week before Easter, 1757, I had such an amazing view of the agony of Christ in the garden as I know not well how to describe. I was lost in wonder and adoration; and the impression it made was too deep, I believe, ever to be obliterated.—I shall say no more of this; but only remark that, notwithstanding all that is talked about the sufferings of Jesus, none can know any thing of them but by the Holy Ghost; and I believe the hat knows most knows but very little. It was upon this I made the first part of Hymn I. *On the Passion*; which, however, I afterwards mutilated and altered.

I used to be often terribly cut down with those words, *And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth* (Matt. xxv. 30); which sometimes sunk me almost to utter despair; and then again I used to receive some comfort. At length despair began to make dreadful head against me; hopes grew fainter, and terrors stronger: which latter were increased by a faithful letter I received from a friend, who had also run great lengths of impiety with me formerly, but was now reclaimed. The convictions I now laboured under were not like those legal convictions I had formerly felt, but far worse, hor-


rible beyond expression. I looked on myself as a gospel sinner; one that had trampled under foot the blood of Jesus, and for whom there remained no more sacrifice for sin. I shall not enlarge here, choosing rather to suppress than exaggerate; as I do not lay stress on my own sufferings, or those of any other man, except the man Christ Jesus; but surely what I felt was very grievous. For so deep was my despair, that I found in me a kind of wish that I might only be damned with the common damnation of transgressors of God's law. But, oh! I thought the hottest place in hell must be my portion. All the evangelical promises were so far from comforting me, that they were my greatest tormentors, because they would only increase my condemnation.

This distress and anguish of soul was likewise attended with great infirmity of body. One morning I was waked with intolerable pain, as if balls of fire were burning my reins. Amidst this excruciating torture, which lasted near an hour, one of the first things I thought on was the pierced side of Jesus, and what pain of body, as well as soul, he underwent. Soon after this *fiery* stroke, I was seized in the evening with a *cold* shivering, which I concluded to be the icy damp of death, and that after that must come everlasting damnation. In this condition I went to my bed, but dared not close my eyes, even when nature was overcharged, lest I should awake in hell.

While these horrors remained I used to run backwards and forwards to places of religious worship, especially to the Tabernacle in Moorfields, and the Chapel in Tottenham Court:

where indeed I received some comfort (which, though little, was *then* highly prized, because greatly needed); but in the general almost every thing served only to condemn me, to make me rue my own backslidings, and envy those children of God who had continued to walk honestly ever since their first conversion. Notions of religion I wanted no man to teach me—I had doctrine enough; but found by woful experience that dry doctrine, though ever so sound, will not sustain a soul in the day of trial.

In this sad state I went moping about (and that I could was next to a miracle), having some little hope at the bottom under all, which now and then would glimmer, but was soon overwhelmed again with clouds of horror, till Whit Sunday 1757, when I happened to go in the afternoon to the Moravian chapel, Fetter-Lane, where I had been several times before. The minister preached on these words, *Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth.* Rev. iii. 10. Though the text, and most of what was said on it, seemed to make greatly against me, yet I listened with much attention, and felt myself greatly impressed by it. When it was over, I thought of hastening to Tottenham-Court chapel; but, presently altering my mind, returned to my own house.

I was hardly got home when I felt myself melting away into a strange softness of affection; which made me fling myself on my knees before God. My horrors were immediately dispelled, and such light and comfort flowed into my heart as no words can paint. 

Lord by his Spirit of love came, not in a visionary manner into my brain, but with such divine power and energy into my soul, that I was lost in blissful amazement. I cried out, "What! me, Lord?" His Spirit answered in me, *Yes, thee*. I objected; "But I have been so *"unspeakably vile and wicked."* The answer was; *I pardon thee fully and freely. Thy own goodness* (for I had now set about a thorough amendment, if peradventure I might be spared) *cannot save thee, nor shall thy wickedness damn thee. I undertake to work all thy works in thee and for thee; and to bring thee safe through all.* The alteration I then felt in my soul was as sudden and palpable as that which is experienced by a person staggering, and almost sinking, under a burden, when it is immediately taken from his shoulders. Tears ran in streams from my eyes for a considerable while; and I was so swallowed up in joy and thankfulness, that I hardly knew where I was. I threw my soul willingly into my Saviour's hands; lay weeping at his feet, wholly resigned to his will, and only begging that I might, if he was graciously pleased to permit it, be of some service to his church and people.

Thenceforth I enjoyed sweet peace in my soul; and had such clear and frequent manifestations of his love to me, that I longed for no other heaven. My horrors were banished, and have not, I think, returned since with equal violence. And, though I can see little signs as yet of his granting my request concerning usefulness*; though I am very barren of good

* Note, This was written before the Author's call to Ministry.

and full of evil; though I have many fore trials and temptations in my soul; yet it pleases the Lord to reveal himself often in me, to open the mysteries of his cross, and give me to trust in his precious blood.

Not long after this my—shall I call it *re-conversion*? I was terribly infested with thoughts so monstrously obscene and blasphemous, that they cannot be spoken, nor so much as hinted; and, I believe, such as hardly ever entered into the heart of any other man; though I am sensible that most of God's children are sometimes attacked in like manner: but mine were foul and black beyond example, and seemed to be the master-pieces of hell. They haunted me some months; and used to make me weep bitterly, and cry earnestly to my God to remove them: which at last he was pleased to do in a great measure; though they would often be returning still, like intruding visitants, but are not permitted to come with much power. In short, I feel myself now as poor, as weak, as helpless and dependant as ever; but now my weakness is my greatest strength; I now rejoice, though I rejoice with trembling.

I soon began to be visited by God's Spirit in a different manner from what I had ever felt before. I had constant communion with him in prayer. His sufferings, his wounds, his agonies of soul, were imprest upon me in an amazing manner. I now believed my name was sculptured deep in the Lord Jesus's breast, with characters never to be erased. I saw him, with the eye of faith, stooping under the load of *my* sins; groaning and grovelling in Gethsemane for *me*. The incarnate God was more and

more revealed to me; and I had far other notions of his sufferings than I had entertained before. Now I saw that the grief of Christ was the grief of my Maker; that his wounds were the wounds of the Almighty God; and the least drop of his blood now appeared to me more valuable than ten thousands of worlds. As I had before thought his sufferings *too little*, they now appeared to me to be *too great*; and I often cried out, in transports of blissful astonishment, "Lord, 'tis too much, 'tis too much; surely my soul was not worth so great a price." I had also such a spirit of sympathetic love to the Lord Jesus given me, that, after I had left off to sorrow for *myself*, for some months I grieved and mourned bitterly for *him*. I looked on him whom I had pierced, and felt such sharp compunction, mixt at the same time with so much compassion, that the pain and the pleasure I experienced are much better felt than expressed.

Jesus Christ, and he crucified, is now the only thing I desire to know. In that incarnate mystery are contained all the rich treasures of divine wisdom. This is the mark towards which I am still pressing forward. This is the cup of salvation, of which I wish to drink deeper and deeper. This is the knowledge, in which I long to grow; and desire at the same time a daily increase in all true grace and godliness. All duties, means, ordinances, &c. are to me then only rich, when they are enriched with the blood of the Lamb; in comparison of which all things else are but chaff and husks.

PHARISAIC ZEAL, and ANTINOMIAN SE-

CURITY, are the two engines of Satan, with which he grinds the church in all ages, as betwixt the upper and the nether millstone. The space between them is much narrower and harder to find than most men imagine. It is a path which the vulture's eye hath not seen; and none can shew it us but the Holy Ghost. Here let no one trust the directions of his own heart, or of any other man; lest, by being warned to shun the one, he be dashed against the other. The distinction is too fine for man to discern; therefore let the Christian ask direction of his God. These two hideous monsters continually worry and perplex my soul: nor is the *former*, though appearing in a holier shape, one whit less, but (if possible) more odious to me than the *latter*. Therefore, from the wonderful dealings of God towards me, I endeavour to draw the following observations.

On the one hand, I would observe; That it is *not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God which sheweth mercy*—That none can make a Christian but he that made the world—That it is the glory of God to bring good out of evil—That whom he loveth he loveth unto the end—That, though all men seek, more or less, to recommend themselves to God's favour by their works, yet, *to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness*—That the blood of the Redeemer, applied to the soul by his Spirit, is the one thing needful—That prayer is the task and labour of a Pharisee, but the privilege and delight of a Christian—That God grants not

the requests of his people because they pray ; but they pray because he designs to answer their petitions—That self-righteousness and legal holiness rather keep the soul *from*, than draw it *to* Christ—That they who seek salvation by them pursue shadows, mistake the great end of the law, and err from the *way*, the *truth*, and the *life*—That God's design is to glorify his Son alone, and to debase the excellence of every creature—That no righteousness besides the righteousness of Jesus (that is, the righteousness of God) is of any avail towards acceptance—That to be a moral man, a zealous man, a devout man, is very short of being a Christian—That the eye of faith looks more to the blood of Jesus than to the soul's victory over corruptions—That the dealings of God with his people, though similar in the general, are nevertheless so various, that there is no chalking out the paths of one child of God by those of another ; no laying down regular plans of Christian conversion, Christian experience, Christian usefulness, or Christian conversation—That the will of God is the only standard of right and good—That the sprinkling of the blood of a crucified Saviour on the conscience, by the Holy Ghost, sanctifies a man ; without which the most abstemious life and rigorous discipline is unholy—Lastly, that faith and holiness, with every other blessing, are the purchase of the Redeemer's blood ; and that he has a right to bestow them on whom he will, in such a manner and in such a measure as he thinks best ; though the spirit in all men lustheth to envy.

On the other hand, I would observe; That it is not so easy to be a Christian as some men seem to think—That for a *living* soul really to trust in Christ alone, when he sees nothing in himself but evil and sin, is an act as supernatural as for Peter to walk in the sea—That mere doctrine, though ever so sound, will not alter the heart; consequently that to turn from one set of tenets to another is not Christian conversion—That as much as Lazarus coming out of his grave, and feeling himself restored to life, differed from those who only saw the miracle, or believed the fact when told them; so great is the difference between a soul's real coming out of himself, and having the righteousness of Christ imputed to him by the precious faith of God's elect, and a man's bare believing the doctrine of imputed righteousness because he sees it contained in scripture, or assenting to the truth of it when proposed to his understanding by others—That a whole-hearted disciple can have but little communion with a broken-hearted Lord—That *if any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his*—That a prayerless spirit is not the Spirit of Christ; but that prayer to a Christian is as necessary and as natural as food to a natural man—That the usual way of going to heaven is through much tribulation—That the sinner who is drawn to Christ is not he that has learnt that he is a sinner by head knowledge, but that feels himself such by heart contrition—That he that believeth hath an unction from the Holy One—That a true Christian is as vitally united to Christ as my hand or foot to my body; conse-

quently suffers and rejoices with him—That a believer talks and converses with God—That a dead faith can no more cherish the soul than a dead corpse can perform the functions of life—That where there is true faith there will be obedience and the fear of God—That he that lives by the faith of the Son of God eateth his flesh and drinketh his blood—*That he that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life*—That many imagine themselves great believers who have little or no true faith at all; and many, who deem themselves void of faith, cleave to Christ by the faith of the operation of God—That faith, like gold, must be tried in the fire before it can be safely depended on—Lastly, that Christians are sealed by the Holy Ghost to the day of redemption: and to this seal they trust their eternal welfare; not to naked knowledge, or speculative notions, though ever so deep. They dread to dream they are rich when they are blind and poor; to have a name to live, and yet be dead; or to be forced to fly for precarious refuge to the conjectural scheme of universal salvation with those who hope to be saved because they think there will be none lost.

For my own part, I confess myself a sinner still; and, though I am not much tempted to outward gross acts of iniquity, yet inward corruptions and spiritual wickedness continually harass and perplex my soul, and often make me cry out, “O wretched man that I am; who shall deliver me from the “body of this death!” From me they are not yet removed; though I once hoped, with

many others, that I should soon get rid of them. All I can do is to look to Jesus through them all; cling fast to his wounded side; long to be clothed with his righteousness; pray him to plead my cause against these spiritual enemies that rise up against me; and, though I feel myself leprous from head to foot, believe that I am clean through the word which he hath spoken unto me. In short, I rejoice, not because the spirits are always subject to me (for, alas! I find they are often too strong for me to control), but because my name is written in heaven.

I am daily more and more convinced that the promises of God to *his people* are absolute; and desire to build my hopes on the free electing love of God in Christ Jesus to my soul before the world began; which, I can experimentally and feelingly say, he hath delivered from the *lowest hell*. He hath plucked me as a brand out of the fire. Though my ways were dreadfully dangerous to the last degree, his eye was all along upon me for good. He hath excited me to love much, by forgiving me much. He hath shewed me, and still daily shews me, the abominable deceit, lust, enmity, and pride of my heart, and the inconceivable depths of his mercy; how far I was fallen, and how much it cost him of sweat and blood to bring me up. He hath proved himself stronger than I, and his goodness superior to all my unworthiness. He gives me to know, and to feel too, that without him I can do nothing. He tells me (and he enables me to believe it) that I am all fair, and there is no spot in me. Though an enemy,

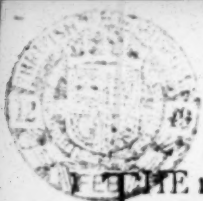
he calls me his friend; though a traitor, his child; though a beggared prodigal, he clothes me with the best robe, and has put a ring of endless love and mercy on my hand. And, though I am often sorely distressed by spiritual internal foes, afflicted, tormented, and bowed down almost to death, with the sense of my own present barrenness, ingratitude, and proneness to evil, he secretly shews me his bleeding wounds; and softly, but powerfully, whispers to my soul, "I am thy great salvation."

His free distinguishing grace is the bottom on which is fixed the rest of my poor weary tempted soul. On this I ground my hope, oftentimes when unsupported by any other evidence, save only by the Spirit of adoption received from him. He hath chosen me out from everlasting, in whom to make known the inexhaustible riches of his free grace and long suffering. Though I am a stranger to others, and a wonder to myself, yet I know *him*, or rather am known of him. Though poor in myself, I am rich enough in him. When my dry, empty, barren soul is parched with thirst, he kindly bids me come to him, and drink my fill at the fountain head. In a word, he empowers me to say, with experimental evidence, *Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.* Amen and amen.

April 1759.

THE
DEDICATION.

JESUS, JEHOVAH, Lord of heav'n and
earth,
To whom I owe my *first* and *second* birth;
Whose hands first form'd me; and whose
precious blood
Redeem'd my soul, and gives me peace with
God;
My faithful Friend, my Father reconcil'd,
Accept an off'ring from thy feeble child;
Whose helpless hand this token, mean and
small,
Would fondly give to thee, who giv'st him
all.
Take both the gift and giver to thy care:
May both thy bounty and thy love declare.
By thee be both directed to fulfil
The holy counsels of thy HEAV'NLY WILL.



The Fast Hymn.

- T**HE mighty God that reigns on high,
Inhabiting eternity,
Who makes the heav'n of heav'ns his throne,
The holy, high, and lofty One,
- 2 Before the splendour of whose rays
The brightest angel veils his face,
While all the host with one accord
Cry, Holy, holy, holy Lord!
- 3 This God (so humble is his love)
Stoops to behold the things above:
But lower still that love can go,
And stoop to visit worms below.
- 4 His royal state aside he laid,
Came down to earth, a man was made,
To make poor men the sons of God,
And pay the debt his brethren ow'd.
- 5 With sinners (condescension great!)
With sinners Jesus deign'd to eat;
And, tempted in the desert vast,
For sinners he vouchsaf'd to fast.
- 6 Hunger and thirst with willing mind
He underwent, nor once repin'd;
Content beneath our load to groan,
And make our woes and wants his own.
- 7 Now, Christian, offer pray'rs and praise;
Acknowledge him in all thy ways;
Nor alms nor fastings disesteem,
For God accepts them all in him.
- 8 Fear not; thy gracious God in love
Thy pray'rs will hear, thy fasts approve.
For what good thing can he deny,
Who gave his only Son to die?

H Y M N S, &c.

H Y M N I.

On the Passion.

COME, all ye chosen saints of God,
 That long to feel the cleansing blood,
 In pensive pleasure join with me,
 To sing of sad Gethsemane.

- 2 Gethsemane, *the olive press!*
 (And why so call'd, let Christians guess)
 Fit name! fit place! where vengeance strove,
 And grip'd and grappled hard with love.
- 3 'Twas here the Lord of life appear'd,
 And sigh'd, and groan'd, and pray'd, and fear'd;
 Bore all incarnate God could bear,
 With strength enough, and none to spare.
- 4 The powers of hell united press'd,
 And squeez'd his heart, and bruis'd his breast.
 What dreadful conflicts rag'd within,
 When sweat and blood forc'd thro' the skin!
- 5 Dispatch'd from heav'n an angel stood,
 Amaz'd to find him bath'd in blood;
 Ador'd by angels, and obey'd;
 But lower now than angels made!

- 6 He stood to strengthen, not to fight:
Justice exacts its utmost mite.
This victim vengeance will pursue:
He undertook, and must go through.
- 7 Three favour'd servants, left not far,
Were bid to wait and watch the war:
But, Christ withdrawn, what watch we keep
To shun the fight, they sunk in sleep.
- 8 Backwards and forwards thrice he ran,
As if he fought some help from man;
Or wish'd, at least, they would condole
(Twas all they could) his tortur'd soul.
- 9 Whate'er he fought for, there was none;
Our Captain fought the field alone:
'Soon as the Chief to battle led,
That moment every foldier fled.
- 10 Myfterious conflict! dark disguise!
Hid from all creatures peering eyes:
Angels astonish'd view'd the scene,
And wonder yet what all could mean.
- 11 O Mount of Olives, sacred grove!
O garden, scene of tragic love!
What bitter herbs thy beds produce!
How rank their scent! how harsh their juice!
- 12 Rare virtues now these herbs contain;
The Saviour suck'd out all their bane.
My mouth with these if conscience cram,
I'll eat them with the paschal Lamb.
- 13 O Kedron, gloomy brook, how foul
Thy black polluted waters roll!

No tongue can tell (but some can taste)
The filth that into thee was cast.

- 1 In Eden's garden there was food
Of ev'ry kind for man, while good;
But, banish'd thence, we fly to thee,
O garden of Gethsemane.

PART II.

AND why, dear Saviour, tell me why
Thou thus would'st suffer, bleed, and die?
What mighty motive could thee move?
The motive's plain; 'twas all for love.

- 2 For love of whom? of sinners base,
A harden'd herd, a rebel race,
That mock'd and trampled on thy blood,
And wanton'd with the wounds of God.
- 3 When rocks and mountains rent with dread,
And gaping graves gave up their dead,
When the fair sun withdrew his light,
And hid his head to shun the sight;
- 4 Then stood the wretch of human race,
And rais'd his head, and shew'd his face;
Gaz'd unconcern'd, when nature fail'd,
And scoff'd, and sneer'd, and curs'd, and rail'd.
- 5 Harder than rocks and mountains are,
More dull than dirt and earth by far,
Man view'd unmov'd thy blood's rich stream,
Nor ever dream'd it flow'd for him.
- 6 Such was that race of sinful men,
That gain'd that great salvation then.

Such, and such only, still we see:
Such they were all, and such are we.

7 The Jews with thorns his temples crown'd
And lash'd him when his hands were bound
But thorns, and knotted whips, and bands,
By us were furnish'd to their hands.

8 They nail'd him to th' accursed tree:
They did, my brethren; so did we.
The soldier pierc'd his side, 'tis true;
But we have pierc'd him thro' and thro'

9 O love of unexampled kind!
That leaves all thought so far behind;
Where length, and breadth, and de
and height,
Are lost to my astonish'd fight.

10 For love of me the Son of God
Drain'd ev'ry drop of vital blood.
Long time I after idols ran;
But now my God's a martyr'd man!

2.

Unsettledness.

1 **L**ORD, what a riddle is my soul!
Alive when wounded, dead when whole
Fondly I flee from pain, yet ease
Cannot content, nor pleasure please.

2 Thou hid'st thy face; my sins abound;
World, flesh, and Satan, all surround:

Fain would I find my God, but fear
 The means perhaps may prove severe.

Thou the least displeasure shew,
 I bring my vileness to my view;
 Un'rous and weak, I shrink, and say,
 Lord, keep thy chast'ning hand away."

If reconcil'd I see thy face,
 Thy matchless mercy, boundless grace;
 Tortur'd with bliss, I cry, "Remove
 'That killing fight; I die with love."

6 My dear Redeemer, purge this dross;
 Teach me to hug and love the cross;
 Teach me thy chast'ning to sustain,
 Discern the love, and bear the pain:

6 Nor spare to make me clearly see
 The sorrows thou hast felt for me.
 If death must follow, I comply,
 Let me be sick with love, and die.

3.

The doubting Christian.

1 IF unbelief's that sin accurs't,
 Abhorr'd by God above,
 Because of all opposers worst,
 It fights against his love;

2 How shall a heart that doubts like mine,
 Dismay'd at ev'ry breath,
 Pretend to live the life divine,
 Or fight the fight of faith?

6

- 3 Conscience accuses from within,
And others from without;
I feel my soul the sink of sin,
And this produces doubt.
- 4 When thousand sins of various dyes,
Corruptions dark and foul,
Daily within my bosom rise,
And blacken all my soul;
- 5 I groan, and grieve, and cry, and call
On Jesus for relief;
But, that delay'd, to doubting fall,
Of all my sins the chief.
- 6 Such dire disorders vex my soul,
That ill engenders ill;
And, when my heart I feel so foul,
I make it fouler still.
- 7 In this distress, the course I take
Is still to call and pray,
And wait the time when Christ shall speak,
And drive my foes away.
- 8 For that blest hour I sigh, and pant,
With wishes warm and strong;
But, dearest Lord, lest these should faint,
Oh! do not tarry long.

4

To the Holy Ghost.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel thy darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

- 2 Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heav'nly Paraclete;
Give us to lie, with humble hope,
At our Redeemer's feet.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flames
Of never-dying love.
- 4 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesu's blood;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 5 Shew us that loving man
That rules the courts of bliss,
The Lord of hosts, the mighty God,
Th' eternal Prince of peace.
- 6 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on ev'ry part,
And new create the whole.
- 7 If thou, celestial Dove,
Thine influence withdraw,
What easy victims soon we fall
To conscience, wrath, and law!
- 8 No longer burns our love;
Our faith and patience fail;
Our sin revives; and death and hell
Our feeble souls assail.
- 9 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

Another.

- 1 BLESSED Sp'rit of truth, eternal God,
Thou meek and lowly Dove,
Who fill'st the soul, thro' Jesu's blood,
With faith, and hope, and love;
- 2 Who comfortest the heavy heart,
By sin and sorrow prest;
Who to the dead can'st life impart,
And to the weary rest;
- 3 Thy sweet communion charms the soul,
And gives true peace and joy,
Which Satan's pow'r cannot control,
Nor all his wiles destroy.
- 4 Come from the blissful realms above;
Our longing breasts inspire
With thy soft flames of heav'nly love,
And fan the sacred fire.
- 5 Let no false comfort lift us up
To confidence that's vain;
Nor let their faith and courage droop
For whom the Lamb was slain.
- 6 Breathe comfort where distress abounds;
Make the whole conscience clean;
And heal with balm from Jesu's wounds
The fest'ring sores of sin.
- 7 Vanquish our lusts; our pride remove;
Take out the heart of stone;
Shew us the Father's boundless love,
And merits of the Son.

- 8 The Father sent the Son to die;
 The willing Son obey'd;
 The witness Thou to ratify
 The purchase Christ has made.

6.

Another.

- 1 Descend from heav'n, celestial Dove;
 With flames of pure seraphic love
 Our ravish'd breasts inspire.
 Fountain of joy, blest Paraclete,
 Warm our cold hearts with heav'nly heat,
 And set our souls on fire.
- 2 Breathe on these bones, so dry and dead;
 Thy sweetest, softest influence shed
 In all our hearts abroad;
 Point out the place where grace abounds;
 Direct us to the bleeding wounds
 Of our incarnate God.
- 3 Conduct, blest guide, thy sinner-train
 To Calv'ry, where the Lamb was slain,
 And with us there abide;
 Let us our lov'd Redeemer meet,
 Weep o'er his pierced hands and feet,
 And view his wounded side.
- 4 From which pure fountain if thou draw
 Water to quench the fiery law,
 And blood to purge our sin,
 We'll tell the Father, in that day,
 (And thou shalt witness what we say)
 "We're clean, just God, we're clean."

- 5 Teach us for what to pray, and how;
 And since, kind God, 'tis only thou
 The throne of grace canst move,
 Pray thou for us; that we thro' faith
 May feel th' effects of Jesu's death,
 Thro' faith that works by love.
- 6 Thou, with the Father and the Son,
 Art that mysterious Three in One,
 God blest for evermore,
 Whom, tho' we cannot comprehend,
 Feeling thou art the sinner's friend,
 We love thee, and adore.

7.

Christ very God and Man.

- 1 **A** Man there is, a real man,
 With wounds still gaping wide,
 (From which rich streams of blood once ran)
 In hands, and feet, and side.
- 2 ('Tis no wild fancy of our brains,
 No metaphor we speak:
 The same dear man in heav'n now reigns,
 That suffer'd for our sake.)
- 3 This wondrous man, of whom we tell,
 Is true Almighty God.
 He bought our souls from death and hell;
 The price his own heart's blood.
- 4 That human heart he still retains,
 Tho' thron'd in highest bliss,
 And feels each tempted member's pains;
 For our affliction's his.

II

- 5 Come then, repenting sinner, come;
Approach with humble faith;
Owe what thou wilt, the total sum
Is cancell'd by his death.
- 6 His blood can cleanse the blackest soul,
And wash our guilt away.
He shall present us sound and whole
In that tremendous day.

8.

Salvation by Christ alone.

- 1 **H**OW can ye hope, deluded souls,
To see, what none e'er saw,
Salvation by the works obtain'd
Of Sinai's fiery law!
- 2 There ye may toil, and weep, and fast,
And vex your heart with pain;
And, when ye've ended, find at last
That all your toil was vain.
- 3 That law but makes your guilt abound:
Sad help! and (what is worst)
All souls, that under that are found,
By God himself are curst.
- 4 This curse pertains to those who break
One precept e'er so small.
And where's the man, in thought or deed,
That has not broken all?
- 5 Fly then, awaken'd sinners, fly;
Your case admits no stay;
The fountain's open'd now for sin;
Come, wash your guilt away.

- 6 See how from Jesu's wounded side
 The water flows, and blood !
 If you but touch that purple tide,
 You make your peace with God.
- 7 Only by faith in Jesu's wounds
 The sinner gets release;
 No other sacrifice for sin
 Will God accept but this.

9.

Of Sanctification.

- 1 **T**HE Holy Ghost in scripture faith
 Expressly in one part,
 Speaking by Peter's mouth*, "By faith
 "God purifies the heart."
- 2 Now what in holy writ he says,
 In part, or through the whole,
 The self-same truths, by various ways,
 He teaches in the soul.
- 3 Experience likewise tells us this;
 Before the Saviour's blood
 Has wash'd us clean, and made our peace,
 We can do nothing good.
- 4 But here, my friends, the danger lies;
 Errors of diff'rent kind
 Will still creep in; which dev'ls devise
 To cheat the human mind.

* Acts xv. 9.

- 5 "I want no work within, (says one)
 " 'Tis all in Christ the head."
 Thus careless he goes blindly on,
 And trusts a faith that's dead.
- 6 " 'Tis dangerous (another cries)
 " To trust to faith alone ;
 " Christ's righteousness will not suffice,
 " Except I add my own."
- 7 Thus he, that he may something do
 To shun th' impending curse,
 Upon the old will patch the new,
 And makes the rent still worse.
- 8 Others affirm the Sp'rit of God,
 To true believers giv'n,
 Makes all their thoughts and acts so good,
 They're always fit for heav'n.
- 9 The babe of Christ, at hearing this,
 Is fill'd with anxious fear ;
 Conscience condemns, corruptions rise,
 And drive him near despair.
- 10 These trials weaklings suffer here,
 Censure and scorn without ;
 And from within (what's worse to bear)
 Despondency and doubt.
- 11 But, gracious Lord, who once didst feel
 What weakness is, and fears ;
 Who got'st thy vict'ry over hell
 With groans, and cries, and tears ;
- 12 Do thou direct our feeble hearts
 To trust thee for the whole ;
 The work of grace in all its parts
 Accomplish in the soul

I4

- 13 Thy Holy Sp'rit into us breathe :
 A perfect Saviour prove.
 Lord, give us faith, and let that faith
 Work all thy will by love.

IO.

The enlightened Sinner.

- 1 MY God, when I reflect,
 How all my life-time past
 I ran the roads of sin and death
 With rash impetuous haste,
- 2 My foolishness I hate,
 My filthiness I loathe ;
 And view, with sharp remorse and shame,
 My filth and folly both.
- 3 With some the tempter takes
 Much pains to make them mad ;
 But me he found, and always held,
 The easiest fool he had.
- 4 His deep and dang'rous lies
 So grossly I believ'd,
 He was not readier to deceive
 Than I to be deceiv'd.
- 5 His light and airy dreams
 I took for solid good,
 And thought his base adult'rate coin
 The riches of thy blood.
- 6 And dost thou still regard,
 And cast a gracious eye
 On one so foul, so base, so blind,
 So dead, so lost, as I!

15

- 7 Then sinners black as hell
 May hence for hope have ground;
 For who of mercy needs despair,
 Since I have mercy found?

II.

Jesus our all.

- 1 JESUS is the chiefest good;
 He hath sav'd us by his blood.
 Let us value nought but him;
 Nothing else deserves esteem.
- 2 Jesus, when stern Justice said
 "Man his life has forfeited,
 "Vengeance follows by decree,"
 Cried "Inflict it all on me."
- 3 Jesus gives us life and peace,
 Faith, and love, and holiness;
 Ev'ry blessing, great or small,
 Jesus for us purchas'd all.
- 4 Jesus therefore let us own.
 Jesus we'll exalt alone.
 Jesus has our sins forgiv'n.
 Jesu's blood has bought us heav'n.

12.

Christ's Nativity.

- 1 COME, ye redeemed of the Lord,
 Your grateful tribute bring;
 And celebrate with one accord
 The birthday of our King.

- 2 Let us with humble hearts repair
(Faith will point out the road)
To little Bethlehem, and there
Adore our Infant-God.
- 3 In swaddling bands the Saviour view !
Let none this weakness scorn.
The feeblest heart shall hell subdue,
Where Jesus Christ is born.
- 4 No pomp adorns, no sweets perfume,
The place where Christ is laid ;
A stable serves him for his room,
A manger is his bed.
- 5 The crowded inn, like sinners' hearts,
(O ignorance extreme !)
For other guests of various sorts
Had room ; but none for him.
- 6 But see what diff'rent thoughts arise
In ours and angels breasts ;
To hail his birth *they* left the skies,
We lodg'd him with the beasts !
- 7 Yet let believers cease their fears,
Nor envy heav'nly pow'rs ;
If sinless innocence be *theirs*,
Redemption all is *ours* !

13.

Another.

- 1 **H**OW blest is the season
At which we appear ;
Bow down, sense and reason ;
Faith only reign here.

'Tis heard by mere nature
 With coldness and scorn,
 That God, our Creator,
 An infant was born.

2 Lost souls to recover,
 And form them afresh,
 Our wonderful Lover
 Took flesh of our flesh:
 Then let each dull dreamer
 Awake to this morn,
 And hail the Redeemer
 At Bethlehem born.

3 Ye drunkards, ye swearers,
 Ye muckworms of earth,
 Repent, and be sharers
 In this blessed birth.
 From sin to release us,
 That yoke so long worn,
 The holy child Jesus
 Of Mary was born.

4 Opposers, transgressors,
 Of ev'ry degree,
 And formal professors,
 (The worst of the three)
 With tears of contrition
 Your foolishness mourn;
 To give you remission,
 Immanuel's born.

5 Ye vilest of creatures,
 Backsliders so base,
 Bold rebels and traitors,
 Abusers of grace,

Come, cease your backslidings,
And once more return;
Receive the glad tidings,
A Saviour is born!

6 Poor sinners dejected,
Of comfort debarr'd,
Whose hearts are afflicted
Because they're so hard,
Despairing of favour,
Cold, lifeless, forlorn;
Remember the Saviour
In winter was born.

7 And ye that sincerely
Confide in the Lamb,
(He loves you most dearly)
Rejoice in his name.
No more the believer
From God shall be torn;
To hold him for ever
An infant is born.

14.

Another.

1 LET us all, with grateful praises,
Celebrate the happy day
When the lovely loving Jesus
First partook of human clay;
When the heav'nly host, assembled,
Gaz'd with wonder from the sky,
Angels joy'd, and devils trembled,
Neither fully knowing why.

- 2 Long had Satan reign'd imperious,
 Till the woman's promis'd seed,
 Born a babe by birth mysterious,
 Came to bruise the serpent's head.
 Crush, dear babe, his pow'r within us;
 Break our chains, and set us free;
 Pull down all the bars between us,
 Till we fly and cleave to thee.
- 3 Shepherds, on their flocks attending,
 Shepherds that in night-time watch'd,
 Saw the messenger descending,
 From the court of heav'n dispatch'd.
 Beams of glory deck'd his mission,
 Bursting through the veil of night.
 Fear possess'd them at the vision;
 Sinners tremble at the light.
- 4 Dove-like meekness grac'd his visage;
 Joy and love shone round his head;
 Soon he cheer'd them with his message;
 Comfort flow'd from all he said.
 "Fear not, fav'rites of th' Almighty;
 "Joyful news to you I bring;
 "You have now in David's city,
 "Born a Saviour, Christ the King.
- 5 "Go, and find the royal stranger
 "By these signs. A babe you'll see,
 "Weak, and lying in a manger,
 "Wrapt and swaddled; that is he."
 Straight a host of angels glorious
 Round the heav'nly herald throng,
 Uttering, in harmonious chorus,
 Airs divine; and this the song.
- 6 "Glory first to God be giv'n
 "In the highest heights; and then

"Peace on earth, proclaim'd by heav'n,
 "Peace, and great good will to men!"
 Thus they sang with rapture, kindling
 In the shepherds hearts a flame;
 Joy and wonder sweetly mingling,
 All believers feel the same.

- 7 Lo, sweet babe, we fall before thee;
 Jesus, thee we all adore;
 To thee kingdom, pow'r, and glory,
 Be ascrib'd for evermore.
*Glory to our God be giv'n
 In the highest heights, and then
 Peace on earth brought down from heav'n;
 Peace, and great good will to men!*

I 5.

Tribulation.

- 1 **T**HE souls that would to Jesus press
 Must fix this firm and sure,
 That tribulation, more or less,
 They must and shall endure.
- 2 From this there can be none exempt,
 'Tis God's own wise decree.
 Satan the weakest saint will tempt,
 Nor is the strongest free.
- 3 The world opposes from without,
 And unbelief within.
 We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt,
 And feel the load of sin.
- 4 Glad frames too often lift us up;
 And then how proud we grow!

Till sad desertion makes us droop,
And down we sink as low.

5 Ten thousand baits the foe prepares
To catch the wand'ring heart;
And seldom do we see the snares
Before we feel the smart.

6 But let not all this terrify;
Pursue the narrow path;
Look to the Lord with stedfast eye,
And fight with hell by faith.

7 Tho' we are feeble, Christ is strong,
His promises are true;
We shall be conqu'rors all ere long,
And more than conqu'rors too.

16.

New Year's Day.

1 ONCE more the constant sun,
Revolving round his sphere,
His steady course has run,
And brings another year.
He rises, sets,
But goes not back,
Nor ever quits
His destin'd track.

2 Hence let believers learn
To keep a forward pace.
Be this our main concern,
To finish well our race.
Backsliding shun;
With patience press

• Towards the Sun
Of Righteousness.

- 3 What now shall be our task ?
Or rather, what our pray'r ?
What good thing shall we ask,
To prosper this new year ?
With one accord
Our hearts we'll lift,
And ask our Lord
Some new-year's gift.

- 4 No trifling gift, or small,
Should friends of Christ desire.
Rich Lord, bestow on all
Pure gold, well try'd by fire ;
Faith that stands fast
When devils roar,
And love that lasts
For evermore.

17.

Christ the Believer's all.

- 1 **L**AMB of God, we fall before thee,
Humbly trusting in thy cross ;
That alone be all our glory,
All things else are dung and dross.
Thee we own a perfect Saviour,
Only source of all that's good.
Ev'ry grace and ev'ry favour
Come to us thro' Jesu's blood.
- 2 Jesus gives us true repentance,
By his Spirit sent from heav'n ;

Jesus whispers this sweet sentence,

"Son, thy sins are all forgiv'n."

Faith he gives us to believe it,

Grateful hearts his love to prize.

Want we wisdom? he must give it;

Hearing ears, and seeing eyes.

- 3 Jesus gives us pure affections,
Wills to do what he requires;
Makes us follow his directions,
And what he commands inspires.
All our pray'rs, and all our praises,
Rightly offer'd in his name,
He that dictates them is Jesus;
He that answers is the same.

- 4 When we live on Jesu's merit,
Then we worship God aright:
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Then we savingly unite.
Hear the whole conclusion of it.
Great or good, whate'er we call,
God, or King, or Priest, or Prophet,
Jesus Christ is all in all!

18.

Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.

Matt. viii. 2.

- 1 OH! the pangs by Christians felt
When their eyes are open;
When they see the gulphs of guilt
They must wade and grope in;
When the hell appears within,
Causing bitter anguish,

And the loathsome stench of sin
Makes the spirits languish !

- 2 Now the heart, disclos'd, betrays
All its hid disorders ;
Enmity to God's right ways,
Blasphemies and murders,
Malice, envy, lust, and pride,
Thoughts obscene and filthy,
Sores corrupt and putrify'd ;
No part sound or healthy.
- 3 All things to promote our fall
Shew a mighty fitness.
Satan will accuse withal,
And the conscience witness.
Foes within, and foes without,
Wrath, and law, and terrors,
Rash presumption, timid doubt,
Coldness, deadness, errors.
- 4 Brethren, in a state so sad,
When temptations seize us,
When our hearts we feel thus bad,
Let us look to Jesus.
He that hung upon the cross,
For his people bleeding,
Now in heaven sits, for us
Always interceding.
- 5 Vengeance, when the Saviour died,
Quitted the believer.
Justice cried " I'm satisfy'd
" Now henceforth for ever."
" It is finish'd," said the Lord,
In his dying minute :

Holy Ghost, repeat that word ;
Full salvation's in it.

Leprous soul, press thro' the crowd
In thy foul condition ;
Struggle hard, and call aloud
On the great Physician.
Wait till thy disease he cleanse,
Begging, trusting, cleaving ;
When, and where, and by what means,
To his wisdom leaving.

19.

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us. 1 Sam. vii. 12.

THO' straight be the way,
With dangers beset,
And we thro' delay
Are no farther yet ;
Our good guide and Saviour
Hath helped thus far ;
And 'tis by his favour
We are what we are.

A favour so great
We highly should prize ;
Not murmur, nor fret,
Nor small things despise.
But what call we small things ?
Sin's whole cancell'd sum !
'Tis greater than all things—
Except those to come.

My brethren, reflect
On what we have been ;

How God had respect
 To us under sin.
 When lower and lower
 We ev'ry day fell,
 He stretch'd forth his pow'r,
 And snatch'd us from hell.

- 4 Then let us rejoice,
 And cheerfully sing,
 With heart and with voice,
 To Jesus our King,
 Who thus far has brought us
 From evil to good;
 The ransom that bought us
 No less than his blood.
 For blessings like these,
 So bounteously giv'n;
 For prospects of peace,
 And foretastes of heav'n;
 'Tis grateful, 'tis pleasant,
 To sing and adore;
 Be thankful for present,
 And then ask for more.

20.

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation.
 James i. 12.

- 1 **A**ND must it, Lord, be so?
 And must thy children bear
 Such various kinds of woe,
 Such soul-perplexing fear?
 Are these the blessings we expect?
 Is this the lot of God's elect?

- 2 Daily we groan and mourn
Beneath the weight of sin;
We pray to be new-born,
But know not what we mean:
We think it something very great,
Something that's undiscover'd yet.
- 3 Boast not, ye sons of earth,
Nor look with scornful eyes;
Above your highest mirth
Our saddest hours we prize;
For, tho' our cup seems fill'd with gall,
There's something secret sweetens all.
- 4 How harsh foe'er the way,
Dear Saviour, still lead on;
Nor leave us till we say
"Father, thy will be done."
At most we do but taste the cup,
For thou alone hast drunk it up.
- 5 Shall guilty man complain?
Shall sinful dust repine?
And what is all our pain?
How light, compar'd with thine?
Finish, dear Lord, what is begun;
Choose thou the way, but still lead on.

21.

The Wonders of redeeming Love.

- 1 HOW wondrous are the works of God,
Display'd thro' all the world abroad!
Immensely great! immensely small!
Yet one strange work exceeds them all.

- 2 He form'd the sun, fair fount of light;
The moon and stars to rule the night :
But night, and stars, and moon, and sun,
Are little works compar'd with one.
- 3 He roll'd the seas, and spread the skies ;
Made vallies sink, and mountains rise ;
The meadows cloth'd with native green,
And bade the rivers glide between.
- 4 But what are seas, or skies, or hills,
Or verdant vales, or gliding rills,
To wonders man was born to prove,
The wonders of redeeming love ?
- 5 'Tis far beyond what words express,
What faints can feel, or angels guess.
Angels, that hymn the great I AM,
Fall down, and veil before the Lamb.
- 6 The highest heav'ns are short of this ;
'Tis deeper than the vast abyfs;
'Tis more than thought can e'er conceive,
Or hope expect, or faith believe.
- 7 Almighty God sigh'd human breath !
The Lord of life experienc'd death !
How it was done we can't discuss ;
But this we know, 'twas done for us !
- 8 Blest with this faith, then let us raise
Our hearts in love, our voice in praise :
All things to us must work for good,
For whom the Lord hath shed his blood.
- 9 Trials may press of ev'ry fort ;
They may be fore ; they must be short.

We now *believe*, but soon shall *view*,
The greatest glories God can shew.

22.

Whom resist stedfast in the faith.

1 Pet. v. 9.

- 1 **I**N all our worst afflictions,
When furious foes surround us ;
When troubles vex,
And fears perplex,
And Satan would confound us ;
When foes to God and goodness
We find ourselves by feeling,
To do what's right
Unable quite,
And almost as unwilling ;
- 2 When, like the restless ocean,
Our hearts cast up uncleanness,
Flood after flood,
With mire and mud,
And all is foul within us ;
When love is cold and languid,
And different passions shake us ;
When hope decays,
And God delays,
And seems to quite forsake us ;
- 3 Then to maintain the battle
With soldier-like behaviour ;
To keep the field,
And never yield,
But firmly eye the Saviour ;
To trust his gracious promise,
- C 3

Thus hard beset with evil ;
 This, this is faith
 Will conquer death,
 And overcome the devil.

23.

Cleaving to Christ.

- 1 **B**RETHREN, let us praise our Lord,
 Exalt his blessed name :
 Let us hear and keep his word ;
 His glory be our aim.
 Let us resolutely strive
 To work God's work with full intent.
 And what is it ?—To believe
 On him whom he hath sent.
- 2 Faith, implanted from above,
 Will prove a fertile root ;
 Whence will spring a tree of love,
 Producing precious fruit.
 Tho' bleak winds the bows deface,
 The rooted stock shall still remain :
 Leaves may languish, fruit decrease ;
 But more shall grow again.
- 3 Happy souls, who cleave to Christ
 By pure and living faith,
 Finding him their King and Priest,
 Their God and Guide till death.
 God's own foe may plague his sons ;
 Sin may distress, but not subdue ;
 Christ, who conquer'd *for* us once,
 Will *in* us conquer too.

A Dialogue between a Believer and his Soul.

1 Bel. COME, my soul, and let us try,
 For a little season,
 Ev'ry burden to lay by :
 Come, and let us reason.
 What is this that casts thee down ?
 Who are those that grieve thee ?
 Speak, and let the worst be known ;
 Speaking may relieve thee.

2 Soul. *Oh ! I sink beneath the load
 Of my nature's evil ;
 Full of enmity to God ;
 Captiv'd by the devil :
 Restless as the troubled seas ;
 Feeble, faint, and fearful ;
 Plagued with ev'ry sore disease ;
 How can I be cheerful ?*

3 Bel. Think on what thy Saviour bore
 In the gloomy garden,
 Sweating blood at ev'ry pore
 To procure thy pardon !
 See him stretch'd upon the wood,
 Bleeding, grieving, crying ;
 Suffring all the wrath of God ;
 Groaning, gasping, dying !

4 Soul. *This by faith I sometimes view,
 And those views relieve me ;
 But my sins return anew ;
 These are they that grieve me.*

*Oh! I'm leprous, stinking, foul;
Quite throughout infected.
Have not I, if any soul,
Cause to be dejected?*

- 5 *Bel.* Think how loud thy dying Lord
Cry'd out "*It is finish'd!*"
Treasure up that sacred word
Whole and undiminish'd.
Doubt not; he will carry on,
To its full perfection,
That good work he has begun.
Why then this dejection?
- 6 *Soul.* *Faith, when void of works, is dead:
This the scriptures witness.
And what works have I to plead,
Who am all unfitness?
All my powers are deprav'd,
Blind, perverse, and filthy:
If from death I'm fully sav'd,
Why am I not healthy?*
- 7 *Bel.* Pore not on thyself too long,
Lest it sink thee lower.
Look to Jesus, kind as strong,
Mercy join'd with power.
Ev'ry work that thou must do
Will thy gracious Saviour
For thee work, and in thee too,
Of his special favour.
- 8 *Soul.* *Jesu's precious blood, once spilt,
I depend on solely
To release and clear my guilt;
But I would be holy.*

Bel. He that bought thee on the cross
Can control thy nature,
Fully purge away thy dross,
Make thee a new creature.

9 *Soul.* *That he can I nothing doubt,*
Be it but his pleasure.

Bel. Tho' it be not done throughout,
May it not in measure?

Soul. *When that measure, far from great,*
Still shall seem decreasing—

Bel. Faint not then; but pray, and wait,
Never, never ceasing.

10 *Soul.* *What, when pray'r meets no regard?*

Bel. Still repeat it often.

Soul. *But I feel myself so hard—*

Bel. Jesus will thee soften.

Soul. *But my enemies make head—*

Bel. Let them closer drive thee.

Soul. *But I'm cold, I'm dark, I'm dead—*

Bel. Jesus will revive thee!

25.

Christ the Believer's Surety.

1 **W**HAT slavish fears molest my mind,
And vex my sickly soul!

How is it, Lord, that thou art kind,
And yet I am not whole?

2 Ah! why should unbelief and pride,

With all their hellish train,
Still in my ransom'd soul abide,
And give me all this pain?

- 3 Thy word is past; thy promise made;
 With pow'r it came from heav'n.
 "Cheer up, desponding soul," it said,
 "Thy sins are all forgiv'n.
- 4 "Behold, I make thy cause my own;
 "I bought thee with my blood:
 "Thy *wicked* works on me be thrown,
 "And I will work thy *good*.
- 5 "I am thy God, thy guide till death;
 "Thy everlasting friend:
 "On me for love, for works, for faith;
 "On me for all depend."
- 6 Thy blood, dear Lord, has bought my peace,
 And paid the heavy debt;
 Has giv'n a fair and full release;
 But I'm in prison yet.
- 7 Unjustly now these foes of mine
 Their dev'lish hate pursue;
 They made my Surety pay the fine,
 Yet plague the pris'ner too.
- 8 What right can my tormentors plead,
 That I should not be free?
 Here's an amazing change indeed—
 Justice is now for *me*!
- 9 Lord, break these bars that thus confine,
 These chains that gall me so;
 Say to that ugly jailer, sin,
 "*Loose him, and let him go.*"

The narrow Way.

P A R T I.

- 1 **W**IDE is the gate of death;
The way is large and broad;
And many enter in thereat,
And walk that beaten road.
- 2 Because the gate of life
Is narrow, low, and small;
The path so prest, so close, so strait,
There seems no path at all.
- 3 This way, that's found by few,
Ten thousand snares beset,
To turn the seeker's steps aside,
And trap the trav'ler's feet.
- 4 Before we've journey'd far
Two dang'rous gulphs are fixt;
Dead sloth and pharisaic pride,
Scarce a hair's breath betwixt.
- 5 False lights delude the eyes,
And lead the steps astray:
That trav'ler treads the surest here
That seldom sees his way.
- 6 Guides cry, Lo here! lo there!
On this, on that side keep.
Some over-drive; some frighten back;
And others lull to sleep.
- 7 On the left hand and right
Close cragged rocks are seen,

Distrust and self-wrought confidence ;
 'Tis hard to squeeze between.

- 8 Sometimes we seem to gain
 Great lengths of ground by day ;
 But find, alas ! when night comes on,
 We quite mistook the way.
- 9 Sometimes we have no strength ;
 Sometimes we want the will ;
 And sometimes, lest we might go wrong,
 We choose to stand quite still.
- 10 Again, thro' heedless haste
 We catch some dang'rous fall ;
 Then, fearing we may move too fast,
 We hardly move at all.
- 11 Deep quagmires choak the way ;
 Corruptions foul and thick ;
 Whose stench infects the air, and makes
 The strongest trav'ler sick.
- 12 Thro' these we long must wade,
 And oft stick fast in mire.
 Now heat consumes : now frost benumbs,
 As dang'rous as the fire.
- 13 Spectres of various forms
 Allure, enchant, affright.
 Presumption tempts us ev'ry day ;
 Despair assaults by night.
- 14 Companions if we find,
 Alas ! how soon they're gone !
 For 'tis decreed that most must pass
 The darkest paths alone.

- 15 Distress'd on ev'ry side
 With evils, felt or fear'd,
 We pray, we cry ; but cannot find
 That pray'rs or cries are heard.
- 16 Thickets of bri'rs and thorns
 Our feeble feet enclose ;
 And ev'ry step we take betrays
 New dangers and new foes.
- 17 When all these foes are quell'd,
 And ev'ry danger past,
 That ghastly phantom Death remains,
 To combat with at last.

P A R T II.

- IF this be, Lord, thy way,
 Then who can hope to gain
 That prize such numbers never seek,
 Such numbers seek in vain ?
- 2 'Tis thine almighty grace
 That can suffice alone.
 Thou giv'st us strength to run the race,
 And then bestow'st the crown.
- 3 Cheer up, ye trav'ling souls ;
 On Jesu's aid rely :
 He sees us when we see not him,
 And always hears our cry.
- 4 Without cessation pray ;
 Your pray'rs will not prove vain ;
 Our Joseph turns aside to weep,
 But cannot long refrain.

- 5 Sudden he stands confest ;
 We look, and all is light ;
 The foe, confounded, swift as thought
 Sneaks off, and skulks from fight.
- 6 His presence clears the soul,
 And smoothes the rugged way :
 He often makes the crooked straight,
 And turns the night to day.
- 7 We then move cheerful on ;
 The ground feels firm and good :
 And, lest we should mistake the way,
 He lines it out with blood.
- 8 Again we cannot see
 His helping hand, but feel :
 And, tho' we neither feel nor see,
 His hand sustains us still.
- 9 He gently leads us on ;
 Protects from fatal harms ;
 And, when we faint, and cannot walk,
 He bears us in his arms.
- 10 He guides and moves our steps ;
 For, tho' we seem to move,
 His Spirit all the motion gives
 By springs of fear and love.
- 11 The meek with love he draws ;
 Restrains the rash by fear ;
 Searches and finds the wand'ring out,
 And brings the distant near.
- 12 When for a time we stop,
 Perplext and at a loss,
 He like a beacon on a hill
 Erects his bloody cross.

- 13 Forward again we press;
And, while that mark's in view,
Tho' hosts of foes beset the way,
We boldly venture thro'.
- 14 When all these foes are quell'd,
And ev'ry danger past;
Tho' death remains, he but remains
To be subdu'd the last.

27.

The Author's own Confession.

- 1 COME hither, ye that fear the Lord;
Disciples of God's suffering Son;
Let me relate, and you record,
What he for my poor soul has done.
- 2 The way of truth I quickly mis'd,
And further stray'd, and further still:
Expected to be sav'd by Christ;
But to be holy had no will.
- 3 The road of death with rash career
I ran, and glory'd in my shame;
Abus'd his grace; despis'd his fear;
And others taught to do the same.
- 4 Far, far from home, on husks I fed,
Puff'd up with each fantastic whim;
With swine a beastly life I led,
And serv'd God's foe instead of him.
- 5 A forward fool, a willing drudge,
I acted for the prince of hell;

Did all he bid without a grudge;
And boasted I could sin so well.

- 6 Bold blasphemies employ'd my tongue;
I heeded not my heart unclean;
Lost all regard of right or wrong;
In thought, in word, in act, obscene.
- 7 My body was with lust defil'd;
My soul I pamper'd up in pride;
Could sit and hear the Lord revil'd,
The Saviour of mankind deny'd!
- 8 I strove to make my flesh decay
With foul disease and wasting pain;
I strove to fling my life away,
And damn my soul—but strove in vain!
- 9 The Lord, from whom I long backslid,
First check'd me with some gentle things;
Turn'd on me, look'd, and softly chid;
And bid me hope for greater things.
- 10 Soon to his bar he made me come:
Arraign'd, convicted, cast, I stood;
Expecting from his mouth the doom
Of those who trample on his blood.
- 11 Pangs of remorse my conscience tore;
Hell open'd hedious to my view;
And what I only heard before,
I found by sad experience true.
- 12 Oh! what a dismal state was this!
What horrors shook my feeble frame!
But, brethren, surely you can guess;
For you, perhaps, have felt the same.

- 13 But O, the goodness of our God!
 What pity melts his tender heart!
 He saw me welt'ring in my blood,
 And came and eas'd me of my smart.
- 14 While I was yet a great way off
 He ran, and on my neck he fell:
 My short distress he judg'd enough,
 And snatch'd me from the brink of hell.
- 15 What an amazing change was here!
 I look'd for hell—he brought me heav'n
*Cheer up, said he; dismiss thy fear;
 Cheer up; thy sins are all forgiv'n.*
- 16 I would object; but faster much
 He answer'd, *Peace*. What, me!—*Yes, thee.*
 But my enormous crimes are such—
I give thee pardon full and free.
- 17 But for the future, Lord—I am
Thy great salvation, perfect, whole.
Behold, thy bad works shall not damn,
Nor can thy good works save thy soul.
- 18 *Renounce them both. Myself alone*
Will for thee work, and in thee too.
Henceforth I make the cause my own,
And undertake to bring thee thro'.
- 19 He said. I took the full release.
 The Lord had sign'd it with his blood.
 My horrors fled; and perfect peace,
 And joy unspeakable, ensu'd.
- 20 I only begg'd one humble boon;
 (Nor did the Lord offended seem)

Some service might by me done
To souls that truly trust in him.

- 21 Thus I, who lately had been cast,
And fear'd a just but heavy doom,
Receiv'd a pardon for the past,
A promise for the time to come.
- 22 This promise oft I call to mind,
As thro' some painful paths I go;
And secret consolation find,
And strength to fight with every foe.
- 23 And oft times, when the tempter fly
Affirms it fancy'd, forg'd, or vain,
Jesus appears; disproves the lie;
And kindly makes it o'er again.

28.

Corruptions.

- 1 THE Lord assur'd the chosen race,
From Egypt's bondage brought,
They should obtain the promis'd place,
And find the rest they sought.
- 2 Strong nations now possess the land;
Yet yield not thou to doubt;
With arm outstretch'd, and mighty hand,
Thy God shall drive them out.
- 3 Not all at once; for fear thou find
The rav'nous beasts of prey
Rising upon thee from behind,
As dang'rous foes as they.

- 4 By little and by little he
Will chase them from thy fight.
Believers are not call'd, we see,
To sleep or play, but fight.
- 5 Spiritual pride, that rampant beast,
Would rear its haughty head;
True faith would soon be dispossess'd,
And carelessness succeed.
- 6 Corruptions make the mourners shun
Presumption's dang'rous snare;
Force us to trust to Christ alone,
And fly to God by pray'r.
- 7 By them we feel how low we're lost;
And learn, in some degree,
How dear that great salvation cost
Which comes to us so free.
- 8 If such a weight to ev'ry soul
Of sin and sorrow fall;
What love was that which took the whole,
And freely bore it all!
- 9 O when will God our joy complete,
And make an end of sin?
When shall we walk the land, and meet
No Canaanite therein?
- 10 Will this precede the day of death?
Or must we wait till then?
Ye struggling souls, be strong in faith,
And quit yourselves like men.
- 11 Our dear Deliv'rer's love is such,
He cannot long delay;

Mean time, that foe can't boast of much
Who makes us watch and pray.

29.

The Paradox.

- 1 **H**OW strange is the course that a Christian must steer?
How perplext is the path he must tread?
The hope of his happiness rises from fear,
And his life he receives from the dead.
- 2 His fairest pretensions must wholly be wav'd,
And his best resolutions be crost;
Nor can he expect to be perfectly sav'd,
Till he finds himself utterly lost.
- 3 When all this is done, and his heart is assur'd
Of the total remission of sins;
When his pardon is sign'd, and his peace is
procur'd,
From that moment his conflict begins.

30.

Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord.
Exod. xiv. 13.

- 1 **O**H what a narrow, narrow path
Is that which leads to life!
Some talk of works, and some of faith,
With warmth, and zeal, and strife.

But, after all that's said or done,
 Let men think what they will,
 The strength of ev'ry tempted son
 Consists in standing still.

"Stand still?" says one, "that's easy sure;
 'Tis what I always do."
 Deluded soul, be not secure;
 This is not meant to you.

Not driv'n by fear, nor drawn by love,
 Nor yet by duty led,
Lie still you do, and never move;
 For who can move that's *dead*?

But for a *living* soul to stand,
 By thousand dangers scar'd,
 And feel destruction close at hand,
 O! this indeed is hard.

To shun this danger, others run
 To hide they know not where;
 Or, tho' they fight, no vict'ry's won;
 They only beat the air.

He that believes, the scripture says,
 Shall not confus'dly haste.
 Thus danger threatens both him that stays,
 And him that runs too fast.

Haste grasps at all, but nothing keeps;
 Sloth is a dang'rous state.
 And he that flies, and he that sleeps,
 Cannot be said to wait.

Lord, let thy Spirit prompt us when
 To go, and when to stay;

Attract us with the cords of men,
And we shall not delay.

- 10 Give pow'r and will, and then command,
And we will follow thee:
And, when we're frighten'd, bid us stand
And thy salvation see.

31.

The Sabbath.

- 1 **G**OD thus commanded Jacob's seed,
When, from Egyptian bondage freed,
He led them by the way:
Remember, with a mighty hand,
I brought thee forth from Pharaoh's land;
Then keep my sabbath-day.
- 2 In six days God made heav'n and earth,
Gave all the various creatures birth,
And from his working ceas'd.
These days to labour he apply'd;
The sev'nth he bless'd and sanctify'd,
And call'd the day of rest.
- 3 To all God's people now remains
A *sabbatism*, a rest from pains,
And works of slavish kind.
When tir'd with toil, and faint thro' fear,
The child of God can enter here,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 To this by faith he oft retreats,
Bondage and labour quite forgets,
And bids his cares adieu;

Slides softly into promis'd rest,
Reclines his head on Jesu's breast,
And proves the sabbath true.

5 This, and this only, is the way
To rightly keep that sabbath-day
Which God has holy made.
All keepers, that come short of this,
The substance of the sabbath miss,
And grasp an empty shade.

32.

Who hath despised the day of small things?
Zech. iv. 10.

1 THE Lord that made both heav'n and
earth,
And was himself made man,
Lay in the womb, before his birth,
Contracted to a span.

2 Matur'd by time, till forth he came,
A babe like others seen;
As small in size, and weak of frame,
As babes have always been.

3 From thence he grew an infant mild,
By fair and due degrees;
And then became a bigger child,
And sat on Mary's knees.

4 At first held up for want of strength;
In time alone he ran;
Then grew a boy; a lad; at length
A youth; at last a man.

- 5 Behold, from what beginnings small
Our great salvation rose!
The strength of God is own'd by all;
But who his weakness knows?
- 6 Thus souls, that would to heav'n attain,
Must Jacob's ladder climb;
And step by step the summit gain,
In measure and in time.
- 7 Let not the strong the weak despise;
Their faith, tho' small, is true;
Though low they seem in other's eyes,
Their Saviour seem'd so too.
- 8 Nor meanly of the tempted think;
For, O what tongue can tell
How low the Lord of life must sink
Before he vanquish'd hell!
- 9 The least believer is a faint.
And, if our growth be slow,
We should not therefore tire and faint,
Since Christ himself could grow.
- 10 As in the days of flesh he grew
In wisdom, stature, grace,
So in the soul that's born anew
He keeps a gradual pace.
- 11 No less almighty at his birth
Than on his throne supreme;
His shoulders held up heav'n and earth
When Mary held up him!

Holy Days.

SOME Christians to the Lord regard a day,
 And others to the Lord regard it not.
 Now, tho' these seem to choose a diff'rent way,
 Yet both at last to one same point are brought.

He that regards the day will reason thus,
 This glorious day our Saviour and our King
 Perform'd some mighty act of love for us;
 Observe the *time* in mem'ry of the *thing*."

Thus he to Jesus points his kind intent,
 And offers pray'rs and praises in his name.
 As to the Lord alone his love is meant,
 The Lord accepts it. And who dares to blame?

For, tho' the shell indeed is not the meat,
 'Tis not rejected when the meat's within.
 Tho' superstition is a vain conceit,
 Commemoration surely is no sin.

He also that to days has no regard,
 The shadows only for the substance quits,
 Towards the Saviour's presence presses hard,
 And outward things thro' eagerness omits.

For warmly to himself he thus reflects,
 My Lord alone I count my chiefest good;
 All empty forms my craving soul rejects,
 And seeks the solid riches of his blood.

"All days and times I place my sole delight
 In him, the only object of my care;

" External shews for his dear sake I flight,
 " Lest ought but Jesus my respect should share

8 Let not th' *observer*, therefore, entertain
 Against his brother any secret grudge :
 Nor let the *non observer* call him vain ;
 But use his freedom, and forbear to judge.

9 Thus both may bring their motives to the test
 Our condescending Lord will both approve.
 Let each pursue the way that likes him best.
 He cannot walk amiss that walks in love.

34.

Good Friday.

- 1 OH ! what a sad and doleful night
 Preceded that day's morn,
 When darkness seiz'd the Lord of light,
 And sin by Christ was borne !
- 2 When our intolerable load
 Upon his soul was laid,
 And the vindictive wrath of God
 Flam'd furious on his head !
- 3 We in our Conqu'ror well may boast ;
 For none, but God alone,
 Can know how dear the vict'ry cost,
 How hardly it was won.
- 4 Forth from the garden, fully tried,
 Our bruised Champion came,
 To suffer what remain'd beside
 Of pain, and grief, and shame.

- Mock'd, spit upon, and crown'd with thorn,
 A spectacle he stood;
 His back with scourges lash'd and torn,
 A victim bath'd in blood!
- Nail'd to the cross thro' hands and feet,
 He hung in open view:
 To make his sorrows quite complete,
 By God deserted too!
- Thro' Nature's works the woes he felt
 With soft infection ran:
 The hardest things could break or melt,
 Except the heart of man.
- This day before thee, Lord, we come.
 Oh! melt our hearts, or break;
 For, should we now continue dumb,
 The very stones would speak.
- True; thou hast paid the heavy debt,
 And made believers clean:
 But he knows nothing of it yet
 Who is not griev'd at sin.
- A faithful friend of grief partakes;
 But union can be none
 Betwixt a heart like melting wax*
 And hearts as hard as stone;
- Betwixt a head diffusing blood
 And members sound and whole;
 Betwixt an agonizing God
 And an unfeeling soul.
- Lord, my long'd happiness is full,
 When I can go with thee

* Psalm xii. 14.

To Golgotha: *the place of skull*
Is heav'n on earth to me.

35.

Another.

- 1 **T**HAT day, when Christ was crucified,
The mighty God Jehovah died
An ignominious death.
He that would keep this solemn day
(And true disciples safely may)
Must keep it firm in faith.
- 2 For, tho' the mournful tragedy
May call up tears in ev'ry eye,
Yet, brethren, rest not here.
Would you condole your dying Friend?
Let each into his soul descend,
And find his Saviour there.
- 3 This only can our hearts assure,
And make our outward worship pure
In God's all-searching fight.
When all we do with love is mixt,
And stedfast faith, on Jesus fixt,
My brethren, then we're right.

36.

Another.

- 1 **C**OME, poor finners, come away;
In meditation sweet,
Let us go to Golgotha,
And kiss our Sayiour's feet.

Let us in his wounded side

Wash till we ev'ry whit are clean :
That's the fountain open'd wide
For filthiness and sin.

Zion's mourners, cease your fear ;

For lo ! the dying Lamb

Utterly forbids despair

To all that love his name.

Him your fellow-suff'rer see ;

He was in all things like to you.

Are you tempted ? So was he.

Deserted ? He was too.

Jesus, our Redeemer, shed

For us his vital blood.

We, thro' our victorious Head,

Can now come near to God.

Sin and sorrow may distress ;

But neither shall us quite control ;

Christ has purchas'd holiness

For ev'ry sin-sick soul.

37.

Perseverance.

THE sinner, that by precious faith

Has felt his sins forgiv'n,

Is from that moment pass'd from death,

And seal'd an heir of heav'n.

Tho' thousand snares enclose his feet,

Not one shall hold him fast ;

Whatever dangers he may meet,

He shall get safe at last.

- 3 Not as the world the Saviour gives ;
 He is no fickle friend ;
 Whom once he loves he never leaves,
 But loves him to the end.
- 4 The sp'rit that would this truth withstand
 Would pull God's temple down,
 Wrest Jesu's sceptre from his hand,
 And spoil him of his crown.
- 5 Satan might then full vict'ry boast,
 The church might wholly fall ;
 If one believer may be lost,
 It follows, so may all.
- 6 But Christ in ev'ry age has prov'd
 His purchase firm and true ;
 If this foundation be remov'd,
 What shall the righteous do ?
- 7 Brethren, by this your claim abide,
 This title to your bliss ;
 Whatever loss you bear beside,
 O never give up this.

38.

*This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all
 acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world
 to save sinners. 1 Tim. i. 15.*

- 1 **W**HEN Adam by transgression fell,
 And, conscious, fled his Maker's face,
 Link'd in clandestine league with hell,
 He ruin'd all his future race.

The seeds of evil, once brought in,
 Increas'd, and fill'd the world with sin.

This lurking leav'n ferments the mass.

All nature's sick; creation's spoil'd;

Each sin-infected fire, alas!

Begets a sin-infected child.

Thus propagation spreads the curse;

And man, born bad, grows worse and worse.

But lo! the Second Adam came,

The serpent's subtle head to bruise:

He cancels his malicious claim,

And disappoints his dev'lish views;

Ransoms poor pris'ners with his blood,

And brings the sinner back to God.

To understand these terms aright,

This grand distinction should be known;

Tho' all are sinners in God's sight,

There are but few so in their own.

To such as these our Lord was sent;

They're only sinners who repent.

What comfort can a Saviour bring

To those who never felt their woe?

A sinner is a sacred thing;

The Holy Ghost has made him so.

New life from him we must receive

Before for sin we rightly grieve.

Let the self-righteous hence beware,

Lest he this great salvation scorn.

Let every careless soul take care;

For they that laugh shall one day mourn.

High flying lights, learn hence to stoop;

Dry knowledge only puffs men up.

- 7 This faithful saying let us own,
 (Well worthy 'tis to be believ'd)
 That Christ into the world came down,
 That *sinners* might by him be sav'd.
 Sinners are high in his esteem,
 And sinners highly value him.

39.

The Sinner's Hope.

- 1 COME, ye humble sinner-train,
 Souls for whom the Lamb was slain,
 Cheerful let us raise our voice;
 We have reason to rejoice.
 Let us sing, with saints in heav'n,
 Life restor'd, and sins forgiv'n.
 Glory and eternal laud
 Be to our incarnate God.
- 2 Now look up with faith, and see
 Him that bled for you and me,
 Seated on his glorious throne,
 Interceding for his own.
 What can Christians have to fear
 When they view their Saviour there?
 Hell is vanquish'd, heav'n pleas'd,
 God is reconcil'd and pleas'd.
- 3 Snares and dangers may beset,
 For we are but travellers yet.
 As the way indeed is hard,
 Let us keep a constant guard,
 Neither lifted up with air,
 Nor dejected to despair;

Always keeping Christ in view;
He will bring us safely thro'.

40.

The world by wisdom knew not God.

1 Cor. i. 21.

- 1 O, Ye sons of men, be wise;
Trust no longer dreams and lies;
Out of Christ, almighty pow'r
Can do nothing but devour.
- 2 God, you say, is good. 'Tis true.
But he's pure and holy too;
Just and jealous in his ire,
Burning with vindictive fire.
- 3 This of old himself declar'd:
Isra'el trembled when they heard.
But the proof of proofs indeed
Is, he sent his Son to bleed.
- 4 When the blessed Jesus died
God was clearly justified:
Sin to pardon without blood
Never in his nature stood.
- 5 Worship God then in his Son;
There he's love, and there alone.
Think not that he will, or may,
Pardon any other way.
- 6 See the suff'ring Son of God
Panting, groaning, sweating blood!
Brethren, this had never been,
Had not God detested sin.

- 7 Be his mercy therefore fought
 In the way himself has taught.
 There his clemency is such,
 We can never trust too much.
- 8 He, that better knows than we,
 Bids us all to Jesus flee.
 Humbly take him at his word,
 And your souls shall bless the Lord.

41.

*Behold, and see, if there be any sorrow like unto
 my sorrow. Lam. i. 12.*

- 1 **MUCH** we talk of Jesu's blood;
 But how little's understood!
 Of his suff'rings so intense,
 Angels have no perfect sense.
 Who can rightly comprehend
 Their beginning, or their end!
 'Tis to God, and God alone,
 That their weight is fully known.
- 2 O thou hideous monster, Sin,
 What a curse hast thou brought in!
 All creation groans thro' thee,
 Pregnant cause of misery!
 'Thou hast ruin'd wretched man
 Ever since the world began;
 'Thou hast God afflicted too;
 Nothing less than that would do.
- 3 Would we then rejoice indeed?
 Be it that from thee we're freed:

And our justest cause to grieve
 Is, that thou wilt to us cleave.
 Faith relieves us from thy guilt;
 But we think whose blood was spilt;
 All we hear, or feel, or see,
 Serves to raise our hate to thee.

- 4 Dearly are we bought, for God
 Bought us with his own heart's blood.
 Boundless depths of love divine!
 Jesus, what a love was thine!
 Tho' the wonders thou hast done
 Are as yet so little known;
 Here we fix, and comfort take,
 Jesus died for sinners' sake.

42.

Election.

- 1 BRETHREN, would you know your stay?
 What it is supports you still?
 Why, tho' tempted ev'ry day,
 Yet you stand, and stand you will?
 Long before our birth,
 Nay, before Jehovah laid
 The foundations of the earth,
 We were chosen in our Head.
- 2 God's election is the ground
 Of our hope to persevere.
 On this rock your building found,
 And preserve your title clear.
Infidels may laugh;
Pharisees gainsay, or rail;
 Here's your tenure (keep it safe),
God's elect can never fail.

Create in me a clean heart. Psalm. li. 10.

- 1 **L**ORD, when thy Sp'rit descends to shew
The badness of our hearts,
Astonish'd at th' amazing view,
The soul with horror starts.
- 2 The dungeon, op'ning foul as hell,
Its loathsome stench emits;
And, brooding in each secret cell,
Some hideous monster fits.
- 3 Swarms of ill thoughts their bane diffuse,
Proud, envious, false, unclean;
And ev'ry ransack'd corner shews
Some unsuspected sin.
- 4 Our stagg'ring faith gives way to doubt;
Our courage yields to fear:
Shock'd at the sight, we straight cry out,
"Can ever God dwell here?"
- 5 But he that shews can purge the filth
Of each polluted soul;
Restore the putrid parts to health,
And purify the whole.
- 6 None less than God's almighty Son
Can move such loads of sin;
The water from his side must run,
To wash this dungeon clean.
- 7 O come, thou much expected guest,
Lord Jesus, quickly come!

Enter the chamber of my breast ;
Thyself prepare the room.

8 For, shouldst thou stay till thou canst meet
Reception worthy thee,
With sinners thou wouldst never fit—
At least (I'm sure) with me.

9 When, when will that blest time arrive,
When thou wilt kindly deign
With me to sit, to lodge, to live,
And never part again ?

44.

Jabez's Prayer. 1 Chron. iv. 9, 10.

1 A SAINT there was in days of old,
Tho' we but little of him hear,
In honour high ; of whom is told
A short, but an effectual pray'r.
This pray'r, my brethren, let us view ;
And try if we can pray so too.

2 He call'd on Isra'l's God, 'tis said ;
Let us take notice first of that :
Had he to any other pray'd,
To us it had not matter'd what ;
For all true Isra'lites adore
One God, Immanuel, and no more.

3 " Oh ! that thou wouldst me blest indeed,
" And that thou wouldst enlarge my bound !
" And let thy hand in ev'ry need
" A guide and help be with me found !
" That thou wouldst cause that evil be
" No cause of pain and grief to me !"

- What is it to be blest indeed,
 But to have all our sins forgiv'n?
 To be from guilt and terror freed;
 Redeem'd from hell, and seal'd for heav'n?
 To worship an incarnate God,
 And know he sav'd us by his blood?
- 5 And next, to have our coast enlarg'd,
 Is, that our hearts extend their plan;
 From bondage and from fear discharg'd,
 And fill'd with love to God and man:
 To cast off ev'ry narrow thought,
 And use the freedom Christ has bought.
- 6 To use this liberty aright,
 And not the grace of God abuse,
 We always need his hand, his might,
 Lest what he gives us we should lose;
 Spiritual pride would soon creep in,
 And turn his very grace to sin.
- 7 This pray'r, so long ago preferr'd,
 Is left on sacred record thus.
 And this good pray'r by God was heard,
 And kindly handed down to us.
 Thus Jabez pray'd (for that's his name);
 Let all believers pray the same.

45.

Whitsunday.

- 1 **W**HEN the blest day of Pentecost
 Was fully come, the Holy Ghost
 Descended from above,
 Sent by the Father and the Son,

(The Sender and the Sent are one)
The Lord of life and love.

2 Within one house, with one accord,
The faithful foll'wers of our Lord,
Waiting his promise, fit;
That, vested with *supernal* * pow'r,
They might be then, and not before,
To preach the gospel fit.

3 Sudden a rushing wind they hear;
And fiery cloven tongues appear;
It sat on ev'ry one.
Cloven, perhaps to be the sign
That God no longer would confine
His word to Jews alone.

4 To every nation under heav'n
To hear the gospel-sound is giv'n;
The call to all extends.
As *ours* was parted long ago,
So God divides *his* language too,
And after sinners sends.

5 And were these first disciples blest
With heav'nly gifts? and shall the rest
Be pass'd unheeded by?
What? Has the Holy Ghost forgot
To quicken souls that Christ has bought
And lets them lifeless lie?

6 No, thou almighty Paraclete,
Thou shedd'st thy heav'nly influence yet,
Thou visit'st sinners still.
Thy breath of life, thy quick'ning flame,
Thy pow'r, thy Godhead, still the same,
We own, because we feel.

Another.

- 1 THE soul that with sincere desires
Seeks after Jesu's love,
That soul the Holy Ghost inspires
With breathings from above.
- 2 Not ev'ry one in like degree
The Sp'rit of God receives;
The Christian often cannot see
His faith, and yet believes.
- 3 So gentle sometimes is the flame,
That, if we take not heed,
We may unkindly quench the same;
We may, my friends, indeed.
- 4 Blest God, that once in fiery tongues
Cam'st down in open view,
Come, visit ev'ry heart that longs
To entertain thee too.
- 5 And, tho' not like a mighty wind,
Nor with a rushing noise;
May we thy calmer comforts find,
And hear thy still small voice.
- 6 Not for the gift of tongues we pray,
Nor pow'r the sick to heal;
Give wisdom to direct our way,
And strength to do thy will.
- 7 We pray to be renew'd within,
And reconcil'd to God;
To have our conscience wash'd from sin
In the Redeemer's blood.

6 We pray to have our faith increas'd.
 And, O celestial Dove!
 We pray to be completely blest
 With that rich blessing, love.

47.

Hymn and Doxology to the Trinity.

1 **T**O comprehend the great **THREE-ONE**
 Is more than highest angels can;
 Or what the Trinity has done
 From death and hell to ransom man.

2 But all true Christians this may boast
 (A truth from nature never learn'd)
 That Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 To save our souls are all concern'd.

3 The Father's love in this we find,
 He made his Son our sacrifice.
 The Son in love his life resign'd.
 The Sp'rit of love his blood applies.

4 Thus we the Trinity can praise
 In Unity, thro' Christ our King;
 Our grateful hearts and voices raise
 In faith and love, while thus we sing—

5 **GLORY** to God the Father be,
 Because he sent his Son to die.
GLORY to God the Son, that he
 Did with such willingness comply.

6 **GLORY** to God the Holy Ghost,
 Who to our hearts this love reveals.
 Thus God **Three-One** to sinners lost
 Salvation sends, procures, and seals.

Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away. Matt. xxiv. 35.

- 1 **T**HE moon and stars shall lose their light;
The sun shall sink in endless night;
Both heav'n and earth shall pass away;
The works of nature all decay.
- 2 But they that in the Lord confide,
And shelter in his wounded side,
Shall see the danger overpast,
Stand ev'ry storm, and live at last.
- 3 What Christ has said must be fulfill'd.
On this firm rock, believers, build.
His word shall stand, his truth prevail,
And not one jot or tittle fail.
- 4 His word is this (poor sinners, hear),
"Believe on me, and banish fear."
"Cease from your own works, bad or good,
"And wash your garments in my blood."

The Rainbow. Isa. liv. 9.

- 1 **W**HEN, deaf to ev'ry warning giv'n,
Man brav'd the patient pow'r of
Heav'n,
Great in his anger, God arose,
Delug'd the world, and drown'd his foes.

- 2 Vengeance, that call'd for this just doom,
Retir'd to make sweet mercy room:
God, of his wrath repenting, swore
A flood should drown the earth no more.
- 3 That future ages this might know,
He plac'd in heav'n his radiant bow;
The sign, till time itself shall fail,
That waters shall no more prevail.
- 4 The beauties of this bow but shine
To vulgar eyes as something fine;
Others investigate their cause
By mediums drawn from Nature's laws.
- 5 But what great ends can men pursue
From schemes like these, suppose them true?
Describe the form; the cause define;
The rainbow still remains a sign:
- 6 A sign, in which by faith we read
The cov'nant God with Noah made;
A noble end, and truly great!
But something greater lies there yet.
- 7 This bow, that beams with vivid light,
Presents a sign to Christians' sight
That God has sworn (who dares condemn?)
He will no more be wrath with them.
- 8 Thus the believer, when he views
The rainbow in its various hues,
May say; "Those lively colours shine
"To shew that heav'n is surely mine.
- 9 "See in yon' cloud what tinctures glow,
"And gild the smiling vales below!

" So smiles my cheerful soul to see
 " My God is reconcil'd to me."

50.

Charity never faileth. 1 Cor. xiii. 8.

- 1 FAITH in the bleeding Lamb,
 O what a gift is this!
 Hope of salvation in his name,
 How comfortable 'tis!
- 2 Knowledge of what is right;
 How God is reconcil'd;
 A foe receiv'd a favourite,
 An alien made a child.
- 3 Blessings, my friends, like these,
 Are very, very great:
 But soon they ev'ry one must cease;
 Nor are they now complete.
- 4 *Faith* will to *bliss* give place.
 In *fight* we *hope* shall lose.
 For who needs trust for things he has?
 Or hope for what he views?
- 5 The little too that's *known*,
 Which, children like, we boast,
 Will fade, like glow-worms in the sun,
 Or drops in ocean lost.
- 6 But *love* shall still remain;
 Its glories cannot cease:
 No other change shall that sustain,
 Save only to increase.

- 7 Of all that God bestows,
In earth, or heav'n above,
The best gift faint or angel knows,
Or e'er will know, is love.
- 8 Love all defects supplies,
Makes great obstructions small;
'Tis pray'r; 'tis praise; 'tis sacrifice;
'Tis holiness; 'tis all.
- 9 Descend, celestial Dove,
With Jesu's flock abide;
Give us that best of blessings, love,
Whate'er we want beside.

51.

*And, when they had nothing to pay, he frankly
forgave them both. Luke vii. 42.*

- 1 **M**ERCY is welcome news indeed
To those that *guilty* stand.
Wretches, that *feel* what help they need,
Will bless the helping hand.
- 2 Who rightly would his alms dispose,
Must give them to the *poor*.
None but the *wounded* patient knows
The comforts of his cure.
- 3 We all have sinn'd against our God;
Exception none can boast:
But he that feels the heaviest load
Will prize forgiveness most.
- 4 No reck'ning can we rightly keep;
For who the sums can know?

- Some souls are fifty pieces deep;
And some five hundred owe.
- 5 But, let our debts be what they may,
However great or small,
As soon as we have *nought* to pay
Our Lord forgives us all.
- 6 'Tis perfect poverty alone
That sets the soul at large;
While we can call one mite our own
We have no full discharge.

52.

Praying for Relations.

- 1 **K**IND souls, who for the mis'ries moan
Of those who seldom mind their own,
But treat your zeal with cold disdain,
Resolv'd to make your labours vain;
- 2 You, whose sincere affection tends
To help your dear ungrateful friends,
That think you foes, or mad, or fools,
Because you fain would save their souls;
- 3 Tho' deaf to ev'ry warning giv'n,
They scorn to walk with you to heav'n;
But often think, and sometimes say,
They'll never go, if that's the way;
- 4 Tho' they the Sp'rit of God resist,
Or ridicule your faith in Christ;
Tho' they blaspheme, oppose, contemn,
And hate you for your love to them;

- 5 One secret way is left you still
 To do them good against their will:
 Here they can no obstruction give;
 You *may* do this without their leave.
- 6 Fly to the throne of grace by pray'r,
 And pour out all your wishes there:
 Effectual fervent pray'r prevails,
 When ev'ry other method fails.

53.

Faith is the Victory.

- 1 **W**HOE'ER believes aright
 In Christ's atoning blood,
 Of all his guilt's acquitted quite,
 And may draw near to God.
- 2 But sin will still remain,
 Corruptions rise up thick;
 And Satan says the med'cine's vain,
 Because we yet are sick.
- 3 But all this will not do;
 Our hope's on Jesus cast;
 Let all be li'rs, and him be true,
 We shall be well at last.

54.

Faith and Repentance.

- 1 **J**ESUS is our God and Saviour,
 Guide, and Counsellor, and Friend,
 Bearing all our misbehaviour;
 Kind, and loving to the end.

Trust him ; he will not deceive us,
 Tho' we hardly of him deem :
 He will never, never leave us ;
 Nor will let us quite leave him.

- 2 View him in the doleful garden,
 View him on the bloody tree,
 Dearly purchasing a pardon
 For his people full and free.
 View him now in heaven sitting,
 Interceding for us there ;
 Not a moment intermitting
 His compassion and his care.
- 3 Nothing but thy blood, O Jesus,
 Can relieve us from our smart ;
 Nothing else from guilt release us ;
 Nothing else can melt the heart.
 Law and terrors do but harden,
 All the while they work alone ;
 But a sense of blood-bought pardon
 Soon dissolves a heart of stone.
- 4 'Tis a safe, tho' deep, compunction
 Thy repenting people feel.
 Love and grief compound an unction,
 Both to cleanse our wounds and heal.
 Balm is useless to th' unfeeling ;
 And repentance without faith
 Is a sore that, never healing,
 Frets and rankles unto death.
- 5 Jesus, all our consolations
 Flow from thee, the sov'reign good.
 Love, and faith, and hope, and patience.
 All are purchas'd by thy blood.

From thy fulness we receive them;
 We have nothing of our own:
 Freely thou delight'st to give them
 To the needy who have none.

Teach us, by thy patient Spirit,
 How to mourn, and not despair.
 Let us, leaning on thy merit,
 Wrestle hard with God in pray'r.
 Whatsoever afflictions seize us,
 They shall profit, if not please;
 But defend, defend us, Jesus,
 From security and ease.

Softly to thy garden lead us,
 To behold thy bloody sweat.
 Tho' thou from the curse hast freed us,
 Let us not the cost forget.
 Be thy groans and cries rehearsed
 By the Spirit in our ears,
 Till we, viewing whom we've pierced,
 Melt in sympathetic tears.

55.

Another.

COME, ye Christians, sing the praises
 Of your condescending God;
 Come, and hymn the holy Jesus,
 Who hath wash'd us in his blood.
 We are poor, and weak, and silly,
 And to ev'ry evil prone;
 Yet our Jesus loves us freely,
 And receives us for his own.

E

- 2 Tho' we're mean in man's opinion,
He hath made us priests and kings.
Pow'r, and glory, and dominion,
To the Lamb the sinner sings.
Leprous souls, unsound and filthy,
Come before him as you are :
'Tis the sick man, not the healthy,
Need's the good physician's care.
- 3 Hear the terms that never vary ;
" To repent, and to believe ;"
Both of these are necessary ;
Both from Jesus we receive.
Would-be Christian, duly ponder
These in thine impartial mind ;
And let no man put asunder
What the Lord has wisely join'd.
- 4 Oh ! beware of fondly thinking
God accepts thee for thy tears.
Are the ship-wreck'd fav'd by sinking ?
Can the ruin'd rise by fears ?
Oh ! beware of trust ill grounded ;
'Tis but fancied faith at most ;
To be cur'd, and not be wounded ;
To be fav'd before you're lost.
- 5 No big words of ready talkers,
No dry doctrine, will suffice.
Broken hearts, and humble walkers,
These are dear in Jesu's eyes.
Tinkling sounds of disputation,
Naked knowledge, all are vain :
Ev'ry soul that gains salvation
Must and shall be born again.

PART I.

- 1 LET us ask th' important question,
 (Brethren, be not too secure)
 What it is to be a Christian?
 How we may our hearts assure?
 Vain is all our best devotion,
 If on false foundations built:
 True religion's more than notion;
 Something must be known and felt.
- 2 'Tis to trust our Well-beloved
 In his blood has wash'd us clean.
 'Tis to hope our guilt's removed,
 Tho' we feel it rise within.
 To believe that all is finish'd,
 Tho' so much remains t' endure;
 Find the dangers undiminish'd,
 Yet to hold deliv'rance sure.
- 3 'Tis to credit contradictions;
 Talk with him one never sees;
 Cry and groan beneath afflictions;
 Yet to dread the thoughts of ease.
 'Tis to feel the fight against us,
 Yet the vict'ry hope to gain;
 To believe that Christ has cleans'd us,
 Tho' the leprosy remain.
- 4 'Tis to hear the Holy Spirit
 Prompting us to secret pray'r.
 To rejoice in Jesu's merit;
 Yet continual sorrow bear.

To receive a full remission
Of our sins for evermore;
Yet to sigh with sore contrition,
Begging mercy ev'ry hour.

- 5 To be stedfast in believing;
Yet to tremble, fear, and quake.
Ev'ry moment be receiving
Strength; and yet be always weak.
To be fighting, fleeing, turning;
Ever sinking, yet to swim.
To converse with Jesus, mourning
For ourselves, or else for him.

PART II.

- 1 GREAT High Priest, we view thee stooping,
With our names upon thy breast,
In the garden, groaning, drooping,
To the ground with horrors prest.
Weeping angels stood confounded
To behold their Maker thus.
And can we remain unwounded,
When we know 'twas all for us?
- 2 On the cross thy body broken
Cancels ev'ry penal tie.
Tempted souls, produce this token,
All demands to satisfy.
All is finish'd; do not doubt it;
But believe your dying Lord;
Never reason more about it;
Only take him at his word.
- 3 Lord, we fain would trust thee solely;
'Twas for us thy blood was spilt.

Bruised Bridegroom, take us wholly ;
 Take, and make us what thou wilt.
 Thou hast borne the bitter sentence
 Pass'd on man's devoted race.
 True belief and true repentance
 Are thy gifts, thou God of grace.

57.

The Wish.

- 1 IF dust and ashes might presume,
 Great God, to talk to thee ;
 If in thy presence can be room
 For crawling worms like me ;
 I humbly would my *wish* present,
 For *wishes* I have none ;
 All my desires are now content
 To be compriz'd in one.
- 2 I would not sue for length of days,
 For honour, or for wealth ;
 Nor, that which far surpasseth these,
 Uninterrupted health.
 I would not ask, a monarch's heir
 Or counsellor to be ;
 A better wisdom I would share,
 A nobler pedigree.
- 3 Not joy nor strength would I request,
 Tho' neither I condemn ;
 But would petition to be blest
 With what transcendeth them.
 'Tis not that angels might convey
 My soul this night to heav'n :

Thy time with patience I can stay,
 Since all my sin's forgiv'n.

- 4 Nor would I crave in highest state
 At thy right hand to sit;
 (The fruit of Zeb'dee's sons) for *that*
 I know myself unfit.
 Nor in thy church on earth would strive
 A pompous post to fill;
 For fear I might not well perceive,
 Or fail to do, thy will.
- 5 The single boon I would entreat
 Is, to be led by thee
 To gaze upon thy bloody sweat
 In sad Gethsemane.
 To view (as I could bear at least)
 Thy tender broken heart,
 Like a rich olive, bruis'd and prest
 With agonizing smart.
- 6 To see thee bow'd beneath my guilt,
 Intolerable load!
 To see thy blood for sinners spilt,
 My groaning, gasping God!
 With sympathizing grief to mourn
 The sorrows of thy soul;
 The pangs and tortures by thee borne
 In some degree condole.
- 7 There, musing on thy mighty love,
 I always would remain;
 Or but to Golgotha remove,
 And thence return again.
 In each dear place the same rich scene
 Should ever be renew'd;

No object else should intervene,
But all be love and blood.

- 6 For this one favour oft I've sought;
And, if this one be giv'n,
I seek on earth no happier lot,
And hope the like in heav'n.
Lord, pardon what I ask amiss;
For knowledge I have none.
I do but humbly speak my wish;
And may thy will be done.

58.

Pride.

- 1 **I**NNUMERABLE foes
Attack the child of God;
He feels within the weight of sin,
A grievous galling load!
- 2 Temptations too without,
Of various kinds, assault;
Sly snares beset his trav'ling feet,
And make him often halt.
- 3 From sinner and from saint
He meets with many a blow:
His own bad heart creates him smart,
Which only God can know.
- 4 But, tho' the host of hell
Be neither weak nor small,
One mighty foe deals dang'rous woe,
And hurts beyond them all—

- 5 'Tis pride, accursed pride !
That sp'rit by God abhor'd :
Do what we will, it haunts us still,
And keeps us from the Lord.
- 6 It blows its pois'nous breath,
And bloats the soul with air ;
The heart up-lifts with God's own gifts,
And makes ev'n grace a snare.
- 7 Awake—nay, while we sleep,
In all we think or speak,
It puffs us glad, torments us sad ;
Its hold we cannot break.
- 8 In other ills we find
The hand of Heav'n not slack :
Pride only knows to interpose,
And keep our comforts back.
- 9 'Tis hurtful when perceiv'd ;
When not perceiv'd 'tis worse :
Unseen or seen it dwells within,
And works by fraud or force.
- 10 Against its influence pray,
It mingles with the pray'r ;
Against it preach, it prompts the speech ;
Be silent, still 'tis there.
- 11 This moment, while I write,
I feel its pow'r within ;
My heart is drawn to seek applause,
And mixes all with sin.
- 12 Thou meek and lowly Lamb,
This haughty tyrant kill ;

That wounded thee, tho' thou wast free,
And grieves thy Spirit still.

- 13 Our condescending God,
(To whom else shall we go?)
Remove our pride, whate'er betide;
And lay, and keep us, low.
- 14 Thy garden is the place
Where pride cannot intrude;
For, should it dare to enter there,
'Twould soon be drown'd in blood.

59.

The High Priest.

- 1 WHEN Aaron in the holi'st place
Atonement made for Isr'el's race,
The names of all their tribes exprest
He wore conspicuous on his breast.
- 2 Twelve letter'd stones with sculpture bold,
Deep seated in the wounded gold,
Glow'd on the breast-plate richly bright,
And beam'd characteristic light.
- 3 His hands a golden censer held,
With burning coals and incense fill'd;
Which clouded all the holy room
With od'rous streams of rich perfume.
- 4 And, lest the priest the place defile,
A costly consecrating oil,
With mingled gums and spices sweet,
Had for his office made him meet.

- 5 The liquid compound from his head
 Its unctuous odours downward spread :
 Delicious drops, like balmy dews,
 O'er all the man their sweets diffuse.
- 6 Array'd in hallow'd vests he stood,
 Sprinkled with holy oil and blood.
 The tabernacle's sacred frame,
 And all within it, shar'd the same.
- 7 So, when our great Melchisedec
 The true atonement came to make,
 A holy oil anoints *him* too,
 Richer than Aaron ever knew.
- 8 His body, bath'd in sweat and blood,
 Show'r'd on the ground a purple flood ;
 The rich effusion copious ran,
 To glad the heart of God and man.
- 9 Deep in his breast engrav'd he bore
 Our names, with ev'ry penal score ;
 When prest to earth he prostrate lay,
 Shock'd at the sum, yet prompt to pay.
- 10 The fragrant incense of his pray'r
 To heav'n went up thro' yielding air,
 Perfum'd the throne of God on high,
 And calm'd offended Majesty.

60.

Election.

- 1 **M**IGHTY enemies without,
 Much mightier within,
 Thoughts we cannot quell nor rout,
 Blasphemously obscene ;

Coldness, unbelief, and pride,
 Hell, and all its murd'rous train,
 Threaten death on ev'ry side,
 And have their thousands slain,

- 2 Thus pursu'd, and thus distress'd,
 Ah! whither shall we fly?
 To obtain the promis'd rest,
 On what sure hand rely?
 Shall the Christian trust his heart?
 That, alas! of foes the worst,
 Always takes the tempter's part;
 Nay, often tempts him first.
- 3 If to-day we be sincere,
 And can both watch and pray;
 Watchfulness, perhaps, and pray'r,
 To-morrow may decay.
 If we now believe aright,
 Faithfulness is God's alone;
 We are feeble, fickle, light,
 To changes ever prone.
- 4 But we build upon a base
 That nothing can remove,
 When we trust electing grace
 And everlasting love.
 Vict'ry over all our foes
 Christ has purchas'd with his blood;
 Perseverance he bestows
 On ev'ry child of God.

Another.

- 1 **W**HEN we pray, or when we sing,
 Or read, or speak, or hear,
 Or do any holy thing,
 Be this our constant care,
 With a fixt habitual faith
 Jesus Christ to keep in view,
 Trusting wholly in his death
 In all we ask or do.
- 2 Holiness in all its parts,
 Affections plac'd above,
 Self-abhorrence, contrite hearts,
 Humility and love;
 Ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace,
 All that bears the name of good,
 Perseverance in our race,
 We draw from Jesu's blood.
- 3 Lamb of God, in thee we trust,
 On thy fixt love depend;
 Thou art faithful, true, and just,
 And lovest to the end:
 Heav'n and earth shall pass away,
 But thy word shall firm abide;
 That's thy children's stedfast stay,
 When all things fail beside.

Christ in the Garden.

- 1 **C**OME hither, ye that fain would know
 Th' exceeding sinfulness of sin;
 Come see a scene of matchless woe,
 And tell me what it all can mean.

- 2 Behold the darling Son of God
 'Bow'd down with horror to the ground,
 Wrung at the heart, and sweating blood,
 His eyes in tears of sorrow drown'd !
- 3 See how the victim panting lies,
 His soul with bitter anguish prest !
 He sighs, he faints, he groans, he cries,
 Dismay'd, dejected, shock'd, distress !
- 4 What pangs are these that tear his heart ?
 What burden's this that's on him laid ?
 What means this agony of smart ?
 What makes our Maker hang his head ?
- 5 'Tis Justice with its iron rod,
 Inflicting strokes of wrath divine ;
 'Tis the vindictive hand of God,
 Incens'd at all your sins and mine.
- 6 Deep in his breast our names were cut ;
 He undertook our desp'rate debt.
 Such loads of guilt were on him put,
 He could but just sustain the weight.
- 7 Then let us not ourselves deceive ;
 For, while of sin we lightly deem,
 Whatever notions we may have,
 Indeed we are not much like him.

63.

The Crucifixion.

- 1 NOW from the garden to the cross
 Let us attend the Lamb of God.
 Be all things else accounted dross,
 Compar'd with sin-atoning blood.

- 2 See how the patient Jesus stands,
Insulted in his lowest case:
Sinners have bound th'Almighty's hands,
And spit in their Creator's face.
- 3 With thorns his temples gor'd and gash'd
Sends streams of blood from ev'ry part;
His back's with knotted scourges lash'd,
But sharper scourges tear his heart.
- 4 Nail'd naked to th' accursed wood,
Expos'd to earth and heav'n above,
A spectacle of wounds and blood,
A prodigy of injur'd love!
- 5 Hark! how his doleful cries affright
Affected angels, while they view.
His friends forsook him in the night;
And now his God forsakes him too!
- 6 O, what a field of battle's here!
Vengeance and love their pow'rs oppose:
Never was such a mighty pair;
Never were two such desp'rate foes.
- 7 Behold that pale, that languid face,
That drooping head, those cold dead eyes!
Behold, in sorrow and disgrace
Our conqu'ring Hero hangs and dies!
- 8 Ye that assume his sacred name,
Now tell me, what can all this mean?
What was it bruis'd God's harmless Lamb—
What was it pierc'd his soul—but sin?
- 9 Blush, Christian, blush; let shame abound:
If sin affects thee not with woe,

Whatever sp'rit be in thee found,
The Sp'rit of Christ thou dost not know.

64.

In the Lord have I righteousness and strength.
Isa. xlv. 24.

- 1 FAITH in Jesus can repel
The darts of sin and death.
Faith gives vict'ry over hell:
But who can give us *faith*?
Hope in Christ the soul revives,
Supports the spirits when they droop;
Hope celestial comfort gives:
But who can give us *hope*?
- 2 *Love* to Jesus Christ and his
Fixes the heart above;
Love gives everlasting bliss:
But who can give us *love*?
To *believe's* the gift of God.
Well-grounded *hope* he sends from heav'n.
Love's the purchase of his blood,
To all his children giv'n.
- 3 Jesus, from thy boundless store,
Thy treasures of grace,
On thy feeble foll'wers pour
Thy righteousness and peace.
Of *thy* righteousness alone
Continual mention we will make.
We have nothing of our own:
But soul and all's at stake.

Man's Righteousness.

- 1 **M**AN, bewail thy situation :
Hell-born sin,
Once crept in,
Mars God's fair creation.
- 2 Vaunt thy native strength no longer ;
Vain's the boast ;
All is lost ;
Sin and death are stronger.
- 3 Enemies to God and goodness,
Great and small,
Since the fall,
Sink in lust and lewdness.
- 4 If to this thou art a stranger,
While thou li'st
Out of Christ,
Greater is thy danger.
- 5 Trust not to thy smooth behaviour ;
All's deceit ;
And the cheat
Keeps thee from the Saviour.
- 6 Oft we're best when dangers fright us.
Jesus came
To reclaim
Sinners, not the righteous.
- 7 Sick men feel their bad condition ;
But the foul
That is whole
Slights the good Physician.

The Linscy-woolscy Garment.

- 1 DARK is he whose eye's not single:
 Foolish man
 Never can
 Hell with heaven mingle.
- 2 Ev'ry thing we do we sin in.
 Chosen Jews
 Must not use
 Woollen mixt with linen.
- 3 God is holy in his nature;
 And by that
 Needs must hate
 Sin in ev'ry creature.
- 4 Infinite in truth and justice,
 He surveys
 All our ways;
 Knows in whom our trust is.
- 5 Partial service is his loathing:
 He requires
 Pure desires;
 All the heart, or nothing.
- 6 If we think of reconciling
 Black with white,
 Dark with light,
 'Tis but self-beguiling.
- 7 Righteousness to full perfection
 Must be brought,
 Lacking nought,
 Fearless of rejection.

Christ's Righteousness.

- 1 **R**IGHTEOUSNESS to the believer,
 Freely giv'n,
 Comes from heav'n,
 God himself the giver.
- 2 Christ has wrought this mighty wonder:
 God and man
 By him can
 Meet, and never sunder.
- 3 All the law in human nature
 He fulfill'd;
 Reconcil'd
 Creature and Creator.
- 4 Ev'ry one, without exemption,
 That believes,
 Now receives
 Absolute redemption.
- 5 Robes of righteousness imputed,
 White and whole,
 Clothe the soul.
 Each exactly suited.
- 6 'Tis a way of God's own finding;
 'Tis his act;
 And the *pact* *
 Cannot but be binding.
- 7 Here is no prevarication;
 Justice stands,
 And demands
 Full and free salvation.

* Covenant.

The Saint's Inheritance.

PERFECT holiness of spirit

Saints above,

Full of love,

With the Lamb inherit.

This inheritance, believer,

Faith alone

Makes thy own,

Safe and sure for ever.

True, 'twas thine from everlasting ;

But the bliss

Of it is

Known to thee by tasting.

Tho' thou here receive but little ;

Scarce enough

For the proof

Of thy proper title ;

Urge thy claim thro' all unfitness ;

Sue it out,

Spurning doubt ;

Th' Holy Ghost's thy witness.

Cite the will of his own sealing ;

Title good,

Sign'd with blood,

Valid and unfailing.

When thy title thou discernest,

Humbly then

Sue again

For continual earnest.

But it is good for me to draw near to God.
 Psalm lxxiii. 28.

- 1 **A**S when a child, secure of harms,
 Hangs at the mother's breast,
 Safe folded in her anxious arms,
 Receiving food and rest:
 And, while thro' many a painful path
 The trav'ling parent speeds,
 The fearless babe, with passive faith,
 Lies still, and yet proceeds.
- 2 Should some short start his quiet break,
 He fondly strives to fling
 His little arms about her neck,
 And seems to closer cling.
 Poor child, maternal love alone
 Preserves thee first and last;
 Thy parent's arms, and not thy own,
 Are those that hold thee fast.
- 3 So souls that would to Jesus cleave,
 And hear his secret call,
 Must ev'ry fair pretension leave,
 And let the Lord be all.
 "Keep close to me, thou helpless sheep,"
 The Shepherd softly cries,
 "Lord, tell me what 'tis close to keep,"
 The list'ning sheep replies.
- 4 "Thy whole dependence on me fix;
 "Nor entertain a thought
 "Thy worthless schemes with mine to mix,
 "But venture to be nought.

“Fond self-direction is a shelf;
 “Thy strength, thy wisdom, flee:
 “When thou art nothing in thyself,
 “Thou then art close to me.”

70.

Temptation.

YE tempted souls, reflect
 Whose name 'tis you profess;
 Your Master's lot you must expect,
 Temptations more or less.

Dream not of faith so clear
 As shuts all doubtings out;
 Remember how the dev'l could dare
 To tempt ev'n Christ to doubt.

“If thou'rt the Son of God,
 (O what an IF was there!)
 “These stones here, speak them into food,
 “And make that Sonship clear.”

View that amazing scene!
 Say, could the tempter try
 To shake a tree so sound, so green!
 Good God defend the dry.

Think not he now will fail
 To make us shrink and droop.
 Our faith he daily will assail,
 And dash our very hope.

That impious IF he thus
 At God incarnate threw,

No wonder if he cast at us,
And make us feel it too.

- 7 To cause despair's the scope
Of Satan and his pow'rs.
Against hope to believe in hope,
My brethren, must be ours.

- 8 *Buts, ifs, and hows*, are hurl'd
To sink us with the gloom
Of all that's dismal in this world,
Or in the world to come.

- 9 But here's our point of rest;
Tho' hard the battle seem,
Our Captain stood the fiery test,
And we shall stand thro' him.

71.

The Prodigal.

- 1 **NOW** for a wondrous song.
(Keep distance, ye profane;
Be silent each unhallow'd tongue;
Nor turn the truth to bane.)

- 2 The prodigal's return'd;
Th' apostate bold and base;
That all his Father's counsel spurn'd,
And long abus'd his grace.

- 3 What treatment since he came?
Love tenderly express'd.
What robe is brought to hide his shame?
The best, the very best.

Rich food the servants bring;
 Sweet music charms his ears;
 See what a beauteous costly ring
 The beggar's finger wears!

Ye elder sons, be still;
 Give no bad passion vent:
 My Brethren, 'tis our Father's will,
 And you must be content.

All that he has is yours:
 Rejoice then, not repine.
 That love that all *your* state secures,
 That love has alter'd *mine*.

Good God, are these thy ways?
 If rebels thus are freed,
 And favour'd with peculiar grace,
 Grace must be free indeed.

72.

All my springs are in thee. Psalm lxxxvii. 7.

1 BLESS the Lord, my soul, and raise
 A glad and grateful song
 To my dear Redeemer's praise,
 For I to him belong.
 He my goodness, strength, and God,
 In whom I live, and move, and am,
 Paid my ransom with his blood:
 My portion is the Lamb.

2 Tho' temptations seldom cease,
 Tho' frequent griefs I feel,
 Yet his Spirit whispers peace,
 And he is with me still.

Weak of body, sick in soul,
 Deprest at heart, and faint with fears,
 His dear presence makes me whole,
 And with sweet comfort cheers.

- 3 O my Jesus, thou art mine,
 With all thy grace and pow'r ;
 I am now, and shall be thine
 When time shall be no more.
 Thou reviv'st me by thy death ;
 Thy blood from guilt has set me free ;
 My fresh springs of hope, and faith,
 And love, are all in thee.

73.

*If there arise among you a prophet, or a dreamer
 of dreams, &c. Deut. xiii. 1, &c.*

- 1 NO prophet, nor dreamer of dreams,
 No master of plausible speech,
 To live like an angel who seems,
 Or like an apostle to preach ;
 No tempter, without or within,
 No spirit, tho' ever so bright,
 That comes crying out against sin,
 And looks like an angel of light ;
- 2 Tho' reason, though fitness, he urge,
 Or plead with the words of a friend,
 Or wonders of argument forge,
 Or deep revelations pretend ;
 Should meet with a moment's regard,
 But rather be boldly withstood,

If any thing, easy or hard,

He teach, save the Lamb and his blood.

Remember, O Christian, with heed,

When sunk under sentence of death,
How first thou from bondage wast freed ;

Say, was it by works, or by faith ?

On Christ thy affections then fixt,

What conjugal truth didst thou vow !

With him was there any thing mixt ?

Then what would'st thou mix with him
now ?

If close to thy Lord thou would'st cleave,

Depend on his promise alone.

His righteousness would'st thou receive ?

Then learn to renounce all thy own.

The faith of a Christian indeed

Is more than mere notion or whim ;

United to Jesus, his head,

He draws life and virtue from him.

Deceiv'd by the father of lies,

Blind guides cry, *Lo here ! and lo there !*

By these our Redeemer us tries,

And warns us of such to beware.

Poor comfort to mourners they give,

Who set us to labour in vain ;

And strive, with a *Do this and live,*

To drive us to Egypt again.

But what says our Shepherd divine ?

(For *his* blessed word we should keep)

" This flock has my Father made mine * ;

" I lay down my life for my sheep †.

* John x. 29.

† Ver. 15.

" 'Tis life everlasting I give * :

" My blood was the price that it cost † :

" Not one that on me shall believe ‡

" Shall ever be finally lost."

- 7 This God is the God we adore,
 Our faithful unchangeable friend;
 Whose love is as large as his pow'r,
 And neither knows measure nor end.
 'Tis Jesus the first and the last,
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home.
 We'll praise him for all that is past,
 And trust him for all that's to come.

74.

*Believe in the Lord your God; so shall you be
 established.* 2 Chron. xx. 20.

- 1 **L**ORD, we lie before thy feet:
 Look on all our deep distress:
 Thy rich mercy may we meet:
 Clothe us with thy righteousness:
 Stretch forth thy almighty hand;
 Hold us up, and we shall stand.
- 2 Shame, and fear, and pain, we feel,
 Viewing our unstable hearts;
 How we wander, waver, reel!
 Only wise by fits and starts.
 Thou art truth: but what are we?
 Fickle fools, and false to thee.
- 3 Oh, that closer we could cleave
 To thy bleeding, dying breast!

* John x. 28.

† Ver. 11.

‡ Ch. iii. 15, 16.

Give us firmly to believe,
And to enter into rest.

Lord, increase, increase our faith :
Make us faithful unto death.

4 Make thy mighty wonders known.

Let us see thy suff'rings plain.

Let us hear thee sigh and groan,

Till we sigh and groan again.

Rend, O rend the veil between ;

Open wide the bloody scene.

5 Let us, with a stedfast faith,

View our dear incarnate God,

Shudd'ring in the arms of death,

Bow'd beneath our nature's load.

Make our union with thee clear ;

Perfect love, and cast out fear.

6 Let us trust thee evermore ;

Ev'ry moment on thee call

For new life, new will, new pow'r ;

Let us trust thee, Lord, for all.

May we nothing know beside

Jesus, and him crucified.

75.

Jesus oft-times resorted thither with his disciples.

John xviii. 2.

JESUS, while he dwelt below,

As divine historians say,

To a place would often go ;

Near to Kedron's brook it lay :

- In this place he lov'd to be;
And 'twas nam'd Gethsemane.
- 2 'Twas a garden, as we read,
At the foot of Olivet,
Low, and proper to be made
The Redeemer's lone retreat.
When from noise he would be free,
Then he fought Gethsemane.
- 3 Thither by their Master brought,
His disciples likewise came.
There the heav'nly truths he taught
Often set their hearts on flame.
Therefore they, as well as he,
Visited Gethsemane.
- 4 Here they oft conversing sat,
Or might join with Christ in pray'r.
Oh, what blest devotion's that,
When the Lord himself is there !
All things to them seem'd t' agree
To endear Gethsemane.
- 5 Here no strangers durst intrude ;
But the Prince of peace could sit,
Cheer'd with sacred solitude,
Wrapt in contemplation sweet.
Yet how little could they see
Why he chose Gethsemane !
- 6 Full of love to man's lost race,
On his conflict much he thought.
This he knew the destin'd place ;
And he lov'd the sacred spot.
Therefore 'twas he lik'd to be
Often in Gethsemane.

- 7 They his foll'wers, with the rest,
 Had incur'd the wrath divine;
 And their Lord, with pity prest,
 Long'd to bear their loads—and mine.
 Love to them, and love to me,
 Made him love Gethsemane.
- 8 Many woes had he endur'd,
 Many sore temptations met,
 Patient, and to pains inur'd:
 But the forest trial yet
 Was to be sustained in thee,
 Gloomy sad Gethsemane!
- 9 Came at length the dreadful night.
 Vengeance with it's iron rod
 Stood, and with collected might
 Bruis'd the harmless Lamb of God.
 See, my soul, thy Saviour see,
 Grov'ling in Gethsemane!
- 10 View him in that *olive press*,
 Squeez'd and wrung till whelm'd in
 blood!
 View thy Maker's deep distress!
 Hear the sighs and groans of God!
 Then reflect what sin must be,
 Gazing on Gethsemane.
- 11 Poor disciples, tell me now,
 Where's the love ye lately had?
 Where's that faith ye all could vow?—
 But this hour is too—too sad!
 'Tis not now for such as ye
 To support Gethsemane.
- 12 Oh, what wonders love has done!
 But how little understood!

God well knows, and God alone,
 What produc'd that sweat of blood.
 Who can thy deep wonders see,
 Wonderful Gethsemane?

- 13 There my God bore all my guilt :
 This thro' grace can be believ'd :
 But the horrors which he felt
 Are too vast to be conceiv'd.
 None can penetrate thro' thee,
 Doleful, dark Gethsemane !
- 14 Gloomy garden, on thy beds,
 Wash'd by Kedron's waters foul,
 Grow most rank and bitter weeds :
 Think on these, my sinful soul.
 Would'st thou sin's dominion flee ?
 Call to mind Gethsemane.
- 15 Sinners, vile like me, and lost,
 (If there's one so vile as I)
 Leave more righteous souls to boast ;
 Leave them, and to *refuge* fly.
 We may well bless that decree
 Which ordain'd Gethsemane.
- 16 We can hope no healing hand,
 Leprous quite throughout with sin.
 Loath'd incurables we stand,
 Crying out, *Unclean, unclean !*
 Help there's none for such as we,
 But in dear Gethsemane.
- 17 Eden, from each flow'ry bed,
 Did for man short sweetness breathe.
 Soon, by Satan's counsel led,
 Man wrought sin, and sin wrought
 death.

But of life the healing tree
Grows in rich Gethsemane.

18 Hither, Lord, thou didst resort
Oft-times with thy little train;
Here would'st keep thy private court:
Oh! confer that grace again.
Lord, resort with worthless me
Oft-times to Gethsemane.

19 True, I can't deserve to share
In a favour so divine.
But, since sin first fix'd thee there,
None have greater sins than mine:
And to this my woful plea
Witness thou, Gethsemane.

20 Sins against a holy God;
Sins against his righteous laws;
Sins against his love, his blood;
Sins against his name and cause;
Sins immense as is the sea—
Hide me, O Gethsemane!

21 Here's my claim, and here alone;
None a Saviour more can need;
Deeds of righteousness I've none;
No, not one good work to plead.
Not a glimpse of hope for me,
Only in Gethsemane.

22 Saviour, all the stone remove
From my flinty frozen heart;
Thaw it with the beams of love,
Pierce it with the blood-dipt dart.
Wound the heart that wounded thee;
Melt it in Gethsemane.

- 23 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One almighty God of love,
 Hymn'd by all the heav'nly host
 In thy shining courts above,
 We poor sinners, gracious **THREE**,
 Bless thee for Gethsemane.

76.

*The inestimable Benefits of Christ's Death, inferred
 from the Excellency of his Person.*

PART I.

- 1 **T**HE things on earth which men esteem,
 And of their richness boast,
 In value less or greater seem,
 Proportion to their cost.
- 2 The diamond, that's for thousands fold,
 Our admiration draws.
 For dust men seldom part with gold,
 Or barter pearls for straws.
- 3 Then what inestimable worth
 Must in those crowns appear,
 For which the Lord came down to earth,
 And bought for us so dear?
- 4 The Father dearly loves the Son,
 And rates his merits high.
 For no mean cause he sent him down
 To suffer, grieve, and die.
- 5 The blessings from his death that flow
 So little we esteem,
 Only because we slightly know,
 And meanly value him.

- 6 'Twas our Creator for us bled,
 The Lord of life and pow'r;
 Whom angels worship, devils dread,
 God blest for evermore.
- 7 Oh! could we but with clearer eyes
 His excellencies trace,
 Could we his person learn to prize,
 We more should prize his grace.

PART II.

- 1 AND did the darling Son of God
 For sinners deign to bleed?
 The purchase of that precious blood
 Must needs be rich indeed.
- 2 God's wisdom would not pay for toys
 So great a price as this.
 'Tis godlike glory, boundless joys,
 'Tis unexampled bliss.
- 3 Saints, raise your expectations high;
 Hope all that heav'n has good.
 Think what the blood of Christ can buy;
 Invaluable blood!
- 4 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
 Nor can the heart conceive,
 What blessings are for them prepar'd
 Who in the Lord believe.
- 5 By others, for their virtue fair,
 Let rich rewards be sought:
 Give *me*, my God, to freely share
 What thou hast dearly bought.

Who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption,
1 Cor. i. 30.

- 1 BELIEVERS own they are but blind;
They know themselves unwise:
But *wisdom* in the Lord they find,
Who opens all their eyes.
- 2 Unrighteous are they all, when tried;
But God himself declares
In Jesus they are justified;
His righteousness is theirs.
- 3 That we're unholy needs no proof;
We sorely feel the fall:
But Christ has holiness enough
To *sanctify* us all.
- 4 Expos'd by sin to God's just wrath,
We look to Christ, and view
Redemption in his blood by faith,
And *full* redemption too.
- 5 Some this, some that good virtue teach,
To rectify the soul;
But we first after Jesus reach,
And richly grasp the whole.
- 6 To Jesus join'd, we all that's good
From him our head derive;
We eat his flesh, and drink his blood;
And *by* and *in* him live.

And the Lord shut him in. Gen. vii. 16.

- 1 **W**HEN Noah, with his favour'd few,
Was order'd to embark;
Eight human souls, a little crew,
Enter'd on board his ark.
- 2 Tho' ev'ry part he might secure
With bar, or bolt, or pin;
To make the preservation sure,
Jehovah shut him in.
- 3 The waters then might swell their tides,
The billows rage and roar;
They could not stave th' assaulted fides,
Nor burst the batter'd door.
- 4 So souls that into Christ believe,
Quicken'd by vital faith,
Eternal life at once receive,
And never shall see death.
- 5 In his own heart the Christian puts
No trust; but builds his hopes
On him that opes, and no man shuts,
And shuts, and no man opes.
- 6 In Christ his ark he safely rides,
Not wreck'd by death nor sin.
How is it he so fast abides?
The Lord hath shut him in.

Difference and Degrees of Faith.

- 1 **H**E that *believeth* Christ the Lord,
 Who shed for man his blood,
 By giving credence to his word,
 Exalts the truth of God.
 So far he's right; but let him know,
 Farther than this he yet must go.
- 2 He that believes *on* Jesus Christ
 Has a much better faith;
 His Prophet now becomes his Priest,
 And saves him by his death.
 By Christ he finds his sins forgiv'n;
 And Christ has made him heir of heav'n.
- 3 But he that *into* Christ believes,
 What a rich faith has he!
 In Christ he moves, and acts, and lives,
 From self and bondage free.
 He hath the Father and the Son,
 For Christ and he are now but one.
- 4 Till we attain to this rich faith,
 Tho' safe, we are not sound.
 Tho' we are sav'd from guilt and wrath,
 Perfection is not found.
 Lord, make our union closer yet;
 And let the marriage be complete.

*Thou hast guided them in thy strength unto thy
holy habitation. Exod. xv. 13.*

1 **M**ISTAKEN men may bawl
Against the grace of God,
And threat with final fall
The purchase of his blood ;
But, tho' they own the Saviour's name,
From him such gospel never came.

2 Shall babes in Christ, bereft
Of God's rich gift of faith,
Be to their own will left,
And sin the sin to death ?
Shall any child of God be lost,
And Satan cheat the Holy Ghost ?

3 Dark unbelief and pride,
With Pharisaic zeal,
We lay you all aside,
And trust a surer seal ;
We rest our souls on Jesu's word,
And give the glory to the Lord.

4 Led forth by God's free grace,
And guided in his pow'r,
We reach his holy place,
And live for evermore.
Twas *this* place Moses had in view ;
Of this he sang, and we sing too.

*The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger : but
they that seek the Lord shall not want any good
thing. Psalm xxxiv. 10.*

- 1 YE lambs of Christ's fold,
Ye weaklings in faith,
Who long to lay hold
On life by his death ;
Who fain would believe him,
And in your best room
Would gladly receive him,
But fear to presume ;
- 2 Remember one thing—
(O may it sink deep !)
Our Shepherd and King
Cares much for his sheep.
To trust him endeavour ;
The work is his own ;
He makes the believer,
And gives him his crown.
- 3 Those feeble desires,
Those wishes so weak,
'Tis Jesus inspires,
And bids you still seek.
His Spirit will cherish
The life he first gave :
You never shall perish,
If Jesus can save.
- 4 Proud lions, that boast
When lusty and young,

III

Soon find, to their cost,
 Self-confidence wrong :
 Tormented with hunger,
 They feel their strength vain ;
 For famine is stronger,
 And gnaws them with pain.

6 But lambs are preserv'd,
 Tho' helpless in kind ;
 When lions are starv'd,
They nourishment find.
 Their Shepherd upholds them,
 When faint, in his arms ;
 And feeds them, and folds them,
 And guards them from harms.

6 Tho' sometimes we see
 The case is not thus ;
 Bad ~~she~~pherds will flee ;
 Yet what's that to us ?
 The Shepherd that chose us
 Must surely be good,
 Who rather than loose us
 Would shed his heart's blood.

7 Blest soul, that can say,
 " Christ only I seek :"
 Wait for him alway ;
 Be constant, tho' weak.
 The Lord, whom thou seekest,
 Will not tarry long ;
 And to him the weakest
 Is dear as the strong.

He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness. Isa. lxi. 10.

- 1 **O**F all the creatures God has made,
There is but man alone
That stands in need to be array'd
In cov'rings not his own.
- 2 By nature bears, and bulls, and swine,
With fowls of ev'ry wing,
Are much more warm, more safe, more fine
Than man, their fallen king.
- 3 Naked and weak, we want a skreen:
But, when with clothes we're deckt,
Not only lies our shame unseen,
But we command respect.
- 4 Can sinful souls then stand unclad
Before God's burning throne,
All bare; or (what is quite as bad)
In cov'rings of their own?
- 5 Rich garments must be worn to grace
The marriage of the Lamb;
Not nasty rags, to stink the place,
Nor nakednets to shame
- 6 Robes of imputed righteousness
Will gain us God's esteem;
No naked pride, no fig-leaf dress,
How fair soe'er it seem.
- 7 'Tis call'd a *robe*, perhaps to mean
Man has by nature none;

It grows not native, like our skin,
But is by faith *put on*.

6 A sinner cloth'd in this rich vest,
And garments wash'd in blood,
Is rend' red fit with Christ to feast,
And be the guest of God.

83.

Free Grace.

1 YE children of God,
By faith in his Son,
Redeem'd by his blood,
And with him made one,
This union with wonder
And rapture be seen,
Which nothing shall sunder
Without or within.

2 This pardon, this peace,
Which none can destroy,
This treasure of grace,
This heavenly joy;
The worthless may crave it,
It always comes free;
The vilest may have it,
'Twas given to *me*.

3 'Tis not for good deeds,
Good tempers, nor frames;
From grace it proceeds,
And all is the Lamb's.
No goodness, no fitness,
Expects he from us:

This I can well witness,
For none could be worse.

Sick sinner, expect
No balm but Christ's blood :
Thy own works reject,
The bad and the good.
None ever miscarry
That on him rely,
Tho' filthy as *Mary**,
Manasseh, or I.

84.

God's various Dealings with his Children.

- 1 **H**OW hard and rugged is the way
To some poor pilgrims' feet ;
In all they do, or think, or say,
They opposition meet.
- 2 Others again more smoothly go,
Secur'd from hurts and harms ;
Their Saviour leads them gently thro',
Or bears them in his arms.
- 3 *Faith* and *repentance* all must find :
But yet we daily see
They differ in their time and kind,
Duration and degree.
- 4 Some long repent, and late believe ;
But, when their sin's forgiv'n,

* *Mary Magdalene.*

A clearer passport they receive,
And walk with joy to heav'n.

5 Their pardon some receive at first;
And then, compell'd to fight,
They feel their latter stages worst,
And travel much by night.

6 But, be our conflicts short or long,
This commonly is true,
That, wheresoever *faith* is strong,
Repentance is so too.

85.

Dependance on Christ alone.

1 If ever it could come to pass
That sheep of Christ might fall away,
My fickle feeble soul, alas!
Would fall a thousand times a day.
Were not thy love as firm as free,
Thou soon would'st take it, Lord, from me.

2 I on thy promises depend,
(At least, I to depend desire)
That thou wilt love me to the end,
Be with me in temptation's fire;
Wilt *for* me work, and *in* me too,
And guide me right, and bring me through.

3 No other stay have I beside;
If these can alter, I must fall.
I look to thee to be supply'd
With life, with will, with pow'r, with all.

Rich souls may glory in their store;
But Jesus will relieve the poor.

86.

In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and for uncleanness. Zech. xiii. 1.

- 1 **T**HE fountain of Christ
 Assist me to sing,
 The blood of our Priest,
 Our crucified King;
 Which perfectly cleanses
 From sin and from filth,
 And richly dispenses
 Salvation and health.
- 2 This fountain so dear
 He'll freely impart;
 Unlock'd by the spear,
 It gush'd from his heart
 With blood and with water;
 The first to atone,
 To cleanse us the latter;
 The fountain's but one.
- 3 This fountain is such,
 (As thousands can tell)
 The moment we touch
 It's streams, we are well.
 All waters beside them
 Are full of the curse;
 For all that have try'd them
 Swell, rot, and grow worse.

This fountain, sick soul,
 Recovers thee quite;
 Bathe here, and be whole;
 Wash here, and be white.
 Whatever diseases
 Or dangers befall,
 The fountain of Jesus
 Will rid thee of all.

This fountain from guilt
 Not only makes pure,
 And gives, soon as felt,
 Infallible cure;
 But, if guilt removed
 Return, and remain,
 It's pow'r may be proved
 Again and again.

This fountain, unseal'd,
 Stands open for all
 That long to be heal'd,
 The great and the small.
 Here's strength for the weakly,
 That hither are led;
 Here's health for the sickly;
 Here's life for the dead.

This fountain, tho' rich,
 From charge is quite clear;
 The poorer the wretch,
 The welcomer here.
 Come needy, come guilty,
 Come loathsome and bare;
 You can't come too filthy—
 Come just as you are.

8 This fountain in vain
Has never been try'd;
It takes out all stain
Whenever apply'd :
The waters flow sweetly
With virtue divine,
To cleanse souls completely,
Tho' leprous as mine.

87.

Christ the Christian's only Help.

- 1 GRACIOUS God, thy children keep;
Jesus, guide thy silly sheep.
Fix, oh ! fix our fickle souls.
Lord, direct us ; we are fools.
- 2 Bid us in thy care confide.
Keep us near thy wounded side.
From thee let us never stir,
For thou know'st how soon we err.
- 3 Lay us low before thy feet,
Safe from pride and self-conceit.
Be the language of our souls,
" Lord, protect us ; we are fools."
- 4 We are fools ; but thou art wise.
Son of David, ope our eyes.
Hold thy lambs secure from harms
In thy everlasting arms.
- 5 Oh ! defend thy purchas'd flock.
See th' insulting Ishmaels mock.
Guard us from a world of sin ;
Foes without, and worse within ;

Dang'rous doctrines from without ;
 Lies and errors round about ;
 From within a treach'rous heart,
 Prone to take the tempter's part.

Look upon th' unequal war ;
 Saviour, do not go too far.
 Crafty is the foe, and strong ;
 Saviour, do not tarry long.

By thy word we fain would steer,
 Fain thy Spirit's dictates hear.
 Save us from the rocks and shelves ;
 Save us chiefly from ourselves.

Never, never may we dare
 What we 're not to say we are.
 Make us well our vileness know ;
 Keep us very, very low.

May we all our wills resign,
 Quite absorpt and lost in thine.
 Let us walk by thy right rules.
 Lord, instruct us ; we are fools.

88.

Saving Faith.

THE sinner that truly believes,
 And trusts in his crucified God,
 His justification receives,
 Redemption in full thro' his blood :
 Tho' thousands and thousands of foes
 Against him in malice unite,
 Their rage he thro' Christ can oppose,
 Led forth by the Spirit to fight.

- 2 Not all the delusions of sin
 Shall ever seduce him to death :
 He now has the witness within,
 United to Jesus by faith.
 This faith shall eternally fail
 When Jesus shall fall from his throne;
 For hell against *both* must prevail,
 Since Jesus and he are but *one*.
- 3 The faith that unites to the Lamb,
 And brings such salvation as this,
 Is more than mere notion or name ;
 The work of God's Spirit it is ;
 A principle active and young,
 That lives under pressure and load,
 That makes out of weakness more strong,
 And draws the soul upward to God.
- 4 It treads on the world and on hell ;
 It vanquishes death and despair ;
 And (what still is stranger to tell)
 It overcomes heaven by pray'r !
 Permits a vile worm of the dust
 With God to commune as a friend ;
 To hope his forgiveness as just,
 And look for his love to the end.
- 5 It says to the mountains, Depart,
 That stand betwixt God and the soul :
 It binds up the broken in heart,
 And makes their sore consciences whole
 Bids sins of a crimson-like dye
 Be spotless as snow, and as white ;
 And makes such a sinner as I
 As pure as an angel of light.

*These are they which came out of great tribulation;
and have washed their robes, and made them
white in the blood of the Lamb. Rev. vii. 14.*

BRETHREN, those who come to bliss
Come thro' sore temptations.

Let us all, rememb'ring this,
Pray for faith and patience.

2 See the suff'ring church of Christ,
Gather'd from all quarters:
All contain'd in that red list
Were not murder'd martyrs.

3 Saints who feel the load of sin,
Yet come off victorious,
Suffer martyrdom within,
Tho' it seem less glorious.

4 Th' Holy Ghost will make the soul
Feel its sad condition;
For the sick, and not the whole,
Need the good Physician.

5 Of that mighty multitude,
Who of life were winners,
This we safely may conclude,
All were wretched sinners.

6 All were loathsome in God's sight,
Till the blood of Jesus
Wash'd their robes, and made them white;
Now they sing his praises.

- 7 Ev'ry kindred, tongue, and tribe,
From their tribulation
Stand; and to the Lamb ascribe
All their free salvation.
- 8 Let us likewise laud the Lamb;
And in all affliction
Count our case with theirs the same,
Without contradiction.

90.

*For the kingdom of God is not in word, but
in power. 1 Cor. iv. 20.*

- 1 A FORM of words, tho' e'er so four,
Can never save a soul;
The Holy Ghost must give the wound,
And make the wounded whole.
- 2 Tho' God's election is a truth,
Small comfort there I see,
Till I am told by God's own mouth
That he has chosen *me*.
- 3 Sinners, I read, are justified
By faith in Je'su's blood:
But when to *me* that blood's applied,
'Tis then it does me good.
- 4 To perseverance I agree;
The thing to me is clear,
Because the Lord has promis'd *me*
That I shall persevere.
- 5 Imputed righteousness I own
A doctrine most divine,

For Jesus to my heart makes known
That all his merit's *mine*.

That Christ is God I can avouch,
And for his people cares,
Since I have pray'd to him as such,
And he has heard my pray'rs.

That sinners black as hell by Christ
Are sav'd I know full well,
For I his mercy have not mis'd,
And I am black as hell.

Thus Christians glorify the Lord;
His Spirit joins with ours,
In bearing witness to his word,
With all its saving pow'rs.

91.

*Ted are they that mourn, for they shall be
comforted. Matt. v. 4.*

CHRIST is the friend of sinners;
Be that forgotten never.

A wounded soul,
And not a whole,

Becomes a true believer.

To see sin smarts but slightly;

To own with lip confession

Is easier still;

But oh! to feel

Cuts deep beyond expression.

Trust not to joyous fancies,

Light hearts, or smooth behaviour.

Sinners can say,
 (And none but they)
 "How precious is the Saviour!"
 Then hail, ye happy mourners;
 How blest your state to come is!
 Ye soon will meet
 With comfort sweet;
 It is the Lord's own promise.

- 3 The contrite heart and broken
 God will not give to ruin.
 This sacrifice
 He'll not despise,
 For 'tis his Spirit's doing.
 Then hail, ye happy mourners,
 Who pass thro' tribulation:
 Sin's filth and guilt,
 Perceiv'd and felt,
 Make known God's great salvation.

- 4 Dry doctrine cannot save us,
 Blind zeal, or false devotion:
 The feeblest pray'r,
 If faith be there,
 Exceeds all empty notion.
 Then hail, ye happy mourners;
 Ye will at last be winners:
 By Jesu's blood
 The righteous God
 Is reconcil'd to sinners.

The spirit that dwelleth in us lusteth to envy.

James iv. 5.

WHAT tongue can fully tell
That Christian's grievous load,
Who would do all things well,
And walk the ways of God;
But feels within
Foul envy lurk,
And lust, and work,
Engend'ring sin!

Poor, wretched, worthless worm!
In what sad plight I stand!
When good I would perform,
Then evil is at hand.
My leprous soul
Is all unclean,
My heart obscene,
My nature foul.

To trust to Christ alone,
By thousand dangers scar'd,
And righteousness have none,
Is something very hard.
Whate'er men say,
The needy know
It must be so;
It is the way.

Thou all-sufficient Lamb,
God blest for evermore,
We glory in thy name,
For thine is all the pow'r.

Stretch forth thy hand,
And hold us fast;
Our first and last,
In thee we stand.

93.

*I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because
I have sinned against him. Mic. vii. 9.*

- 1 COME, ye backsliding sons of God,
(For many such there are)
Who long the paths of sin have trod,
Come, cast away despair.
Return to Jesus Christ, and see
'There's mercy still for such as we.
- 2 True, we cannot pretend to much
Of usefulness or fruit;
But yet, the love of Christ is such,
We still retain the root.
Returning prodigals shall find,
'Tho' they are base, their Father's kind.
- 3 They, who have never gone astray
Since first the Lord they knew,
Walk in a much more pleasant way,
While we our folly rue:
But, tho' we seem to differ thus,
'They can't be perfect without us.
- 4 The indignation of the Lord
A while we will endure,
For we have sinn'd against his word;
But still his grace is sure.

Tis all a gift ; let no man boast ;
For Jesus came to save the *lost*.

94.

I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life.
John xiv. 6.

1 I AM, saith Christ, *the way*.

Now, if we credit *him*,
All other paths must lead astray,
How fair soe'er they seem.

2 I am, saith Christ, *the truth*.

Then all that lacks this test,
Proceed it from an angel's mouth,
Is but a lie at best.

3 I am, saith Christ, *the life*.

Let this be seen by faith,
It follows, without further strife,
That all besides is death.

4 If what those words aver

The Holy Ghost apply,
The simplest Christian shall not err,
Nor be deceiv'd, nor die.

95.

Love not the world. 1 John ii. 15.

1 MY brethren, why these anxious fears,
These warm pursuits, and eager cares,
For earth and all its gilded toys ?
If the whole world you could possess,

It might enchant; it could not bless:
False hopes, vain pleasures, and light joys!

- 2 Remember, brethren, whose you are;
Whose cause you own, whose name you bear
Is it not His, who could not call
His own (tho' he had all things made)
A place whereon to lay his head?
A servant, tho' the Lord of all?
- 3 If wealth, or honour, pow'r, or fame,
Can bring you nearer to the Lamb,
Then follow these with all your might:
But, if they only make you stray,
And draw your hearts from him away,
Reflect in what you thus delight.
- 4 Jesus hath said (who surely knew
Much better what we ought to do
Than we can e'er pretend to see)
"No thought e'en for the morrow take;
And, "He that will not, for my sake,
Relinquish all's unworthy me."
- 5 Let no vain words your souls deceive,
Nor Satan tempt you to believe
The world and God can hold their parts
True Christians long for Christ alone.
The sacrifices God will own
Are *broken*, not *divided*, hearts.
- 6 Great things we are not here to crave;
But, if we food and raiment have,
Should learn to be therewith content.
Into the world we nothing brought;

Nor can we carry from it ought :
Then walk the way your Master went.

96.

For a Public Fast.

LORD, look on all assembled here,
Who in thy presence stand
To offer up united pray'r
For this our sinful land.

Oft have we, each in private, pray'd
Our country might find grace.
Now hear the same petitions made
In this appointed place.

Or, if amongst us some be met,
So careless of their sin,
They have not cry'd for mercy yet,
Lord, let them now begin.

Thou, by whose death poor sinners live,
By whom their pray'rs succeed,
Thy Sp'rit of supplication give,
And we shall pray indeed.

We will not slack, nor give thee rest;
But importune thee so,
That, till we shall be by thee blest,
We will not let thee go.

Great God of hosts, deliv'rance bring,
Guide those that hold the helm,
Support the state, preserve the king,
And spare the guilty realm.

- 7 Or, should the dread decree be past,
And we must feel thy rod,
May faith and patience hold us fast
To our correcting God.
- 8 Whatever be our destin'd case,
Accept us in thy Son ;
Give us his gospel and his grace,
And then thy will be done.

97.

*For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew
no sin ; that we might be made the righteous-
ness of God in him. 2 Cor. v. 21.*

- 1 **W**HEN I by faith my Maker see
In weakness and distress,
Brought down to that sad state for me
Which angels can't express ;
- 2 When that great God, to whom I go
For help, amaz'd, I view
By sin and sorrow sunk as low
As I—and lower too ;
- 3 (For all our sins we *his* may call,
As he sustain'd their weight.
How huge the heavy load of all,
When only mine's so great !)
- 4 Then, ravish'd with the rich belief
Of such a love as this,
I'm lost in wonder, melt with grief,
And faint beneath the bliss.

Prostrate I fall, ashamed of doubt,
 And worship love divine.
 Thus may I always be devout;
 Be this religion mine.

In this alone I can confide;
 Here's righteousness enough.
 What's all the boast of nature's pride!
 What unsubstantial stuff!

Rounds of dead service, forms, and ways,
 Which some so much esteem,
 Compar'd with this stupendous grace,
 What trivial * trash they seem!

Lord, help a worthless worm, so weak
 He can do nothing good.
 May all I act, or think, or speak,
 Be sprinkled with thy blood.

98.

*For the law was given by Moses; but grace
 and truth came by Jesus Christ. John i. 17.*

- 1 | Is then the law of God untrue
 Which he by Moses gave?
 No: but to take it in this view,
 That it has pow'r to save.
- 2 | Legal obedience were complete,
 Could we the law fulfil:
 But no man ever did so yet;
 And no man ever will.

* Mean or common.

- 3 The law was never meant to give
 New strength to man's lost race.
 We cannot act before we live;
 And life proceeds from grace.
- 4 But grace and truth by Christ are giv'n;
 To him must Moses bow.
 Grace fits the new-born soul for heav'n,
 And truth informs us how.
- 5 By Christ we enter into rest,
 And triumph o'er the fall:
 Whoe'er would be completely blest,
 Must trust to Christ for all.

99.

Let God be true, but every man a liar.
 Rom. iii. 4.

- 1 **T**HE God I trust
 Is true and just;
 His mercy hath no end.
 Himself hath said
 My ransom's paid;
 And I on him depend.
- 2 Then why so sad,
 My soul? Though bad,
 Thou hast a friend that's good.
 He bought thee dear;
 (Abandon fear)
 He bought thee with his blood.
- 3 So rich a cost
 Can ne'er be lost,

Though faith be try'd by fire;
 Keep Christ in view;
 Let God be true,
 And ev'ry man a li'r.

100.

Come, and welcome, to Jesus Christ.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity join'd with pow'r.
 He is able, he is able, he is able;
 He is willing; doubt no more.
- 2 Ho! ye needy, come, and welcome;
 God's free bounty glorify.
 True belief, and true repentance,
 Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh,
 Without money, without money, without
 money,
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream:
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel your need of him:
 This he gives you, this he gives you, this he
 gives you;
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Bruis'd and mangled by the fall;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all.

Not the righteous, not the righteous, not
the righteous;

Sinners, Jesus came to call.

5 View him grov'ling in the garden ;

Lo! your Maker prostrate lies.

On the bloody tree behold him :

Hear him cry before he dies,

It is finish'd—it is finish'd—it is finish'd!

Sinner, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascended,

Pleads the merits of his blood.

Venture on him, venture wholly;

Let no other trust intrude.

None but Jesus, none but Jesus, none but
Jesus,

Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,

Sing the praises of the Lamb;

While the blissful seats of heaven

Sweetly echo with his name.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Sinners here may sing the same.

IOI.

*And the Lord went his way, as soon as he had
left communing with Abraham; and Abraham
returned unto his place. Gen. xviii 33.*

1 WHEN Jesus with his mighty love

Visits my troubled breast,

My doubts subside, my fears remove,

And I'm completely blest.

- 2 I love the Lord with mind and heart,
His people, and his ways;
Envy, and pride, and lust, depart;
And all his works I praise.
- 3 Nothing but Jesus I esteem;
My soul is then sincere;
And ev'ry thing that's dear to him
To me is also dear.
- 4 But ah! when these short visits end,
Tho' not quite left alone,
I miss the presence of my friend,
Like one whose comfort's gone.
- 5 I to my own sad place return,
My wretched state to feel;
I tire, and faint, and mope, and mourn,
And am but barren still.
- 6 More frequent let thy visits be,
Or let them longer last;
I can do nothing without thee;
Make haste, my God, make haste.

102.

Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee.
Matt. ix. 2.

- 1 **H**OW high a priv'lege 'tis to know
Our sins are all forgiv'n!
To bear about this pledge below,
This special grant of heav'n!
- 2 To look on this when sunk in fears,
While each repeated fight,
Like some reviving cordial, cheers,
And makes temptations light!

- 3 Oh! what is honour, wealth, or mirth,
 To this well-grounded peace!
 How poor are all the goods of earth
 To such a gift as this!
- 4 This is a treasure rich indeed,
 Which none but Christ can give.
 Of this the best of men have need;
 This I, the worst, receive.

103.

Another.

- BLESSED** are they whose guilt is gone;
 Whose sins are wash'd away with blood;
 Whose hope is fixt on Christ alone;
 Whom Christ hath reconcil'd to God.
- 2 Blest is the man to whom the Lord
 Iniquity will not impute;
 Who, vent'ring on his Saviour's word,
 Of faith enjoys the peaceful fruit.
- 3 Tho', trav'ling thro' this vale of tears,
 He many a fore temptation meet,
 The Holy Ghost this witness bears,
 He stands in Jesus still complete.
- 4 This pearl of price no works can claim.
 He that finds this is rich indeed.
 This pure white stone contains a name
 Which none, but who receives, can read.
- 5 This precious gift, this bond of love,
 The Lord oft gives his people here.
 But what we all shall be above
 Doth not, my brethren, yet appear.

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- 6 Yet this we safely may believe,
Tis what no words will e'er exprefs;
What faints themselves cannot conceive,
And brightest angels can but guesſ.

104.

Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?
Zech. iii. 2.

- 1 **T**HUS faith the Lord to thoſe that ſtand,
And wait to hear his great command,
I have a ſinner to renew;
And lo! this charge I give to you.
- 2 Pull his polluted garments off.
Here, ſoul, here's raiment rich enough.
Clothe thee with righteouſneſs divine;
Not creature's righteouſneſs, but mine.
- 3 Satan, avaunt! ſtand off, ye foes!
In vain ye rail, in vain oppoſe.
Your cancell'd claim no more obtrude;
He's mine; I bought him with my blood.
- 4 Sinner, thou ſtand'ſt in me complete:
Tho' they accuſe thee, I acquit.
I bore for thee th' avenging ire,
And pluck'd thee burning from the fire.

105.

Condeſcend to men of low eſtate. Rom. xii. 16.

- 1 **T**O you, who ſtand in Chriſt ſo faſt
Ye know your faith ſhall ever laſt,

The Lord, on whom that faith depends,
This kind important message sends.

- 2 If light exulting thoughts arise,
Your weaker brethren to despise,
Remember, all to me are dear;
Who most is favour'd most should bear.
- 3 If strong thyself, support the weak;
If well, be tender to the sick:
To babes I oft reveal my mind;
And they who seek my face shall find.
- 4 If faith be strong as well as true,
Then strive that love may be so too.
Boast not; but meek and lowly be:
The humblest soul is most like me.
- 5 Should I, displeas'd, my face but turn,
Ye sadly would your folly mourn;
Who now seem best would soon be worst;
I often make the last the first.
- 6 Encourage souls that on me wait,
And stoop to those of low estate.
Contempt or slight I can't approve:
Be love your aim, for I am love.

106.

*O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver
me from the body of this death? Rom. vii. 24.*

- 1 **H**OW fore a plague is sin
To those by whom 'tis felt!
The Christian cries, *Unclean, unclean!*
E'en though releas'd from guilt.

- 2 O wretched, wretched man !
 What horrid scenes I view !
 I find, alas ! do all I can,
 That I can nothing do.
- 3 When good I would perform,
 Thro' fear or shame I stop :
 Corruption rises like a storm,
 And blasts the promis'd crop.
- 4 Of peace if I'm in quest,
 Or love my thoughts engage,
 Envy and anger in my breast
 That moment rise and rage.
- 5 When for an humbled mind
 To God I pour my pray'r,
 I look into my heart, and find
 That pride will still be there.
- 6 How long, dear Lord, how long
 Deliv'rance must I seek ;
 And fight with foes so very strong,
 Myself so very weak ?
- 7 I'll bear th' unequal strife,
 And wage the war within ;
 Since death, that puts an end to life,
 Shall put an end to sin.

107.

I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.
 Rom. vii. 25.

- 1 THO' void of all that's good,
 And very, very poor,

- Thro' Christ I hope to be renew'd,
And live for evermore.
- 2 I view my own bad heart,
And see such evils there,
The fight with horror makes me start,
And tempts me to despair.
- 3 Then with a single eye
I look to Christ alone;
And on his righteousness rely,
Tho' I myself have none.
- 4 By virtue of his blood
The Lord declares me clean.
Now serves my mind the law of God,
My flesh the law of sin.

108.

Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel.
Psalm lxxiii. 24.

- 1 **W**Hene'er I make some sudden stop,
(For many such I make)
And cannot see the cloud clear'd up,
Nor know which path to take,
- 2 I to my Saviour speed my way,
To tell my dubious state;
Then listen what the Lord will say,
And hope to follow that.
- 3 If Jesus seem to hide his face,
What anxious fears I feel!
But, if he deign to whisper peace,
I'm happy; all is well.

- 4 Confirm'd by one soft secret word,
 I seek no further light;
 But walk, depending on my Lord,
 By faith, and not by sight.
- 6 Of friends and counsellors bereft,
 I often hear him say,
 "Decline not to the right nor left;
 "Go on; lo, here's the way."
- 6 Weak in myself, in him I'm strong;
 His Spirit's voice I hear.
 The way I walk cannot be wrong,
 If Jesus be but there.
- 7 He is my helper and my guide;
 I trust to him alone:
 No other helps have I beside;
 I venture all on one.

109.

*Then he turned his face to the wall, and prayed
 unto the Lord. 2 Kings xx. 2.*

- 1 KING Hezekiah lay diseas'd,
 With every dang'rous symptom seiz'd,
 Beyond the cure of art,
 With languid pulse, and strength decay'd,
 With spirits sunk, and soul dismay'd,
 And ready to depart.
- 2 His friends despair; his servants droop;
 The learned leech can give no hope:
 All signs of life are fled:

When, lo ! the seer Isaiah came,
With words to damp th' expiring flame,
And strike the dying dead.

- 3 Ent'ring the royal patient's room,
He thus denounc'd the dreadful doom—
 " Of flatt'ring hopes beware.
 " God's messenger, behold, I stand.
 " Thus faith the Lord, Thy death's at hand.
 " Prepare, O king, prepare."
- 4 Where is the man, whom words like these
 (Tho' free before from all disease)
 Would not deject to death?
Fav'rite of heav'n ! in thee we see
The miracles of pray'r; in thee
 Th' omnipotence of faith.
- 5 Methinks I hear the hero say,
 " And must my life be snatch'd away
 " Before I'm fit to die?
 " Can pray'r reverse the stern decree,
 " And save a wretch condemn'd like me?
 " It may—at least I'll try.
- 6 " Ye damps of death, that chill me thro',
 " God's prophet and prediction too,
 " I must withstand you all.
 " Both heav'n and earth awhile be gone;
 " I turn me to the Lord alone,
 " And face the silent wall."
- 7 He said; and, weeping, pour'd a pray'r
That conquer'd pain, remov'd despair
 With all its heavy load,
Repell'd the force of death's attack,
Brought the recanting prophet back,
And turn'd the mind of God.

But thou shalt know hereafter. John xiii. 7.

R ighteous are the works of God ;

All his ways are holy ;
Just his judgments, fit his rod,
To correct our folly :

2 All his dealings wise and good,
Uniform, tho' various;
Tho' they seem, by reason view'd,
Cross, or quite contrarious.

3 These are truths; and happy he
Who can well receive them.
Brethren, tho' we cannot see,
Still we should believe them.

4 Why thro' darksome paths we go,
We may know no reason;
But we shall hereafter know,
Each in his due season.

5 Could we see how all is right,
Where were room for credence?
But by faith, and not by sight,
Christians yield obedience.

6 Let all fruitless searches go,
Which perplex and teaze us:
We determine nought to know
But a bleeding Jesus.

III.

Blessed be the poor. Luke vi. 20.

- 1 LORD, when I hear thy children talk
 (And I believe 'tis often true)
 How with delight thy ways they walk,
 And gladly thy commandments do,
- 2 In my own breast I look, and read
 Accounts so very diff'rent there,
 That, had I not thy blood to plead,
 Each fight would sink me to despair.
- 3 Needy, and naked, and unclean,
 Empty of good, and full of ill,
 A lifeless lump of loathsome sin,
 Without the pow'r to act or will,
- 4 I feel my fainting spirits droop;
 My wretched leanness I deplore;
 'Till, gladden'd with a gleam of hope
 From this—the Lord has blest *the poor*.
- 5 Then, while I make my secret moan,
 Upwards I cast my eyes, and see,
 Tho' I have nothing of my own,
 My treasure is immense in thee.
- 6 Still may I keep thy love in view;
 Lean there; nor envy those that run;
 Still trust to—not what I can do,
 But what thyself hast for me done.
- 7 My treasure is thy precious blood:
 Fix there my heart; and for the rest,
 Under thy forming hands, my God,
 Give me that frame which thou lik'st best.

A general Admonition.

- 1 BRETHREN, why toil ye thus for toys,
 And reckon trash for treasure?
 Call gay deceptions solid joys,
 Intoxication pleasure?
- 2 If more refin'd amusements please,
 As knowledge, arts, or learning,
 A moment puts an end to these,
 And sometimes short's the warning.
- 3 What balm could wretches ever find,
 In wit to heal affliction?
 Or who can cure a troubled mind
 With all the pomp of diction?
- 4 Reflect what trifles ye pursue,
 So anxious and so heedful:
 For, after all, (you'll find it true)
 There is but one thing needful.
- 5 God in his scriptures to reveal
 His will has condescended.
 What there is said he will fulfil,
 Tho' man may be offended.
- 6 This written word with rev'rence treat;
 Join pray'r with each inspection:
 And be not wise in self-conceit,
 'Tis folly to perfection.
- 7 True wisdom, of celestial birth,
 Can both instruct and cherish:
 Other attainments are of earth,
 And all that's earth must perish.
- 8 The chief concern of fall'n mankind
 Should be to gain God's favour.
 What safety can the sinner find
 Before he find a Saviour?

- 9 This Saviour must be one that can
 From sin and death release us,
 Make up the breach 'twixt God and man;
 Which none can do but Jesus.
- 10 Jesus is Judge of quick and dead,
 And there is none beside him;
 Whether his pow'r we slight or dread,
 Adore him, or deride him.
- 11 Whate'er we judge ourselves, we must
 Or stand or fall by his doom.
 And they that in this Jesus trust
 Have found eternal wisdom.
- 12 Mercy and love, from Jesus felt,
 Can heal a wounded spirit;
 Mercy, that triumphs over guilt,
 And love that seeks no merit.
- 13 Then kiss the Son; for from his wrath
 No wisdom can deliver.
 Close in with Christ, by saving faith,
 And God's your friend for ever.

113.

*Because thou sayest I am rich, and increased with
 goods. Rev. iii. 17.*

- 1 **W**HAT makes mistaken men afraid
 Of sov'reign grace to preach?
 The reason is (if truth be said)
 Because they are so rich.
- 2 Why so offensive in their eyes
 Doth God's election seem?
 Because they think themselves so wise,
 That they have chosen him.

- 3 Of perseverance why so loth
Are some to speak or hear?
Because, as masters over sloth,
They vow to persevere.
- 4 Whence is imputed righteousness
A point so little known?
Because men think they all possess
Some righteousness their own.
- 5 Not so the needy helpless soul
Prefers his humble pray'r;
He looks to him that works the whole,
And seeks his treasure there.
- 6 His language is, "Let *me*, my God,
"On sov'reign grace rely;
"And own 'tis free, because bestow'd
"On one so vile as I.
- 7 "*Election!* 'tis a word divine;
"For, Lord, I plainly see,
"Had not thy choice prevented mine,
"I ne'er had chosen *thee*.
- 8 "For *perseverance* strength I've none;
"But would on this depend;
"That *Jesus, having lov'd his own,*
"He lov'd *them to the end*.
- 9 "Empty and bare, I come to thee
"For righteousness divine.
"O may thy matchless merits be,
"By *imputation*, mine!"
- 10 Thus differ these; yet hoping each
To make salvation sure.
Now most men would approve the *rich*,
But Christ has blest the *poor*.

For thine is the kingdom, &c. Matt. vi. 3.

- 1 YE souls that are weak,
And helpless, and poor,
Who know not to speak,
Much less to do more;
Lo! here's a foundation
For comfort and peace;
In Christ is salvation;
The kingdom is *his*.
- 2 With power he rules,
And wonders performs,
Gives conduct to fools,
And courage to worms,
Beset by fore evils
Without and within,
By legions of devils
And mountains of sin.
- 3 Then be not afraid;
All power is giv'n
To Jesus our Head,
In earth and in heav'n.
Thro' him we shall conquer
The mightiest foes:
Our Captain is stronger
Than all that oppose.
- 4 His pow'r from above
He'll kindly impart;
So free is his love,
So tender his heart.
Redeem'd with his merit,
We're wash'd in his blood;
Renew'd by his Spirit,
We've power with God.

- 5 Thy grace we adore,
 Director divine;
 The kingdom, and pow'r,
 And glory, are thine.
 Preserve us from running
 On rocks or on shelves,
 From foes strong and cunning,
 And most from ourselves.
- 6 Reign o'er us as King,
 Accomplish thy will,
 And pow'rfully bring
 Us forth from all ill;
 Till, falling before thee,
 We laud thy lov'd name,
 Ascribing the glory
 To God and the Lamb.

115.

*Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised
 again for our justification. Rom. iv. 25.*

- 1 JESUS, when on the bloody tree
 He hung, thro' soul and body pierc'd,
 (That all things might accomplish'd be
 Contain'd in scripture) said, *I thirst.*
- 2 *Hyssop*, the plant ordain'd by God,
 And held by Jews in high esteem,
 Which sprinkled them with paschal blood*,
 Sharp vinegar convey'd to him.
- 3 This done, our dear, our dying Lord
 Exerts his short expiring breath;
 Utters this rich important word,
 'Tis *finish'd!* and submits to death.

* Exod. xii. 22.

- 4 Henceforth an end is put to sin:
(Th' important word implies no less)
Now for believers is brought in
An everlasting righteousness.
- 5 The Son of God and man has dy'd,
Sinners as black as hell to save;
And, that they might be justify'd,
Is ris'n victorious from the grave.
- 6 In heav'n he lives, our King, our Priest;
There for his people ever pleads.
How sure is our salvation! Christ
Dy'd, rose, ascended, intercedes.

116.

For he shall not speak of himself. John xvi. 13.

- 1 **W**HATEVER prompts the soul to pride,
Or gives us room to boast,
(Except in Jesus crucify'd)
Is not the Holy Ghost.
- 2 That blessed Sp'rit omits to speak
Of what himself has done;
And bids the enlighten'd sinner seek
Salvation in the Son.
- 3 He seldom moves a man to say,
"Thank God I'm made so good."
But turns his eye another way,
To Jesus and his blood.
- 4 Great are the graces he confers,
But all in Jesu's name;
He gladly dictates, gladly hears,
"Salvation to the Lamb."

And ye are complete in him. Col. ii. 10.

WHEN is it Christians all agree,
 And let distinctions fall?
 When, nothing in themselves, they see
 That Christ is all in all.
 But strife and difference will subsist
 While men will something seem.
 Let them but singly look to Christ,
 And all are one in him.
 The infant, and the aged saint,
 The worker, and the weak;
 They who are strong and seldom faint,
 And they who scarce can speak.
 Eternal life's the gift of God;
 It comes thro' Christ alone:
 'Tis his; he bought it with his blood;
 And therefore gives his own.
 We have no life, no pow'r, no faith,
 But what by Christ is giv'n.
 We all deserve eternal death;
 And thus we all are ev'n.

118.

The Outcasts of Israel.

LORD, pity outcasts vile and base,
 The poor dependants on thy grace,
 Whom men disturbers call:
 By sinners and by saints withstood;
 For *these* too bad, for *those* too good;
 Condemn'd, or shunn'd, by all.

- 2 Tho' faithful Abr'ham us reject,
 And tho' his ransom'd race elect
 Agree to give us up,
 'Thou art our Father; and thy name
 From everlasting is the same;
 On that we build our hope.

119.

The Lord thy God brought it to me,
 Gen. xxvii. 20.

- 1 AND now the work is done
 Without much pains or cost;
 The author's merit's none,
 And therefore none his boast;
 He only claims what e'er's amiss.
 Alas! how large a share is his!
- 2 Some time it took to beat
 And hunt for tinkling sound;
 But the rich sav'ry meat
 Was very quickly found;
 For ev'ry truly Christian thought
 Was by the God of Isaac brought.
- 3 May he that sings, or reads,
 That precious blessing know
 That comes by Jacob's *kids*,
 And not from Esau's *bow*.
 O bring no price; God's grace is free—
 To Paul, to Magdalene, to *me*!
- 4 Glory to God alone,
 (Let man forbear to boast)
 To Father, and to Son,
 And to the Holy Ghost.
 Eternal life's the gift of God;
 The Lamb procur'd it by his blood.

SUPPLEMENT.

For the Lord's Supper. 20 Hymns.

I.

1 THE King of heav'n a feast has made;
And to his much lov'd friends,
The faint, the famish'd, and the sad,
This invitation sends.

2 "Beggars, approach my royal board,
"Furnish'd with all that's good:
"Come, sit at table with your Lord,
"And eat celestial food.

3 "My body and my blood receive,
"It comes entirely free:
"I ask no price for all I give—
"But O, remember *me!*"

4 Lo, at thy gracious bidding, Lord,
Though vile and base, we come.
O, speak the reconciling word,
And welcome wand'ers home.

5 Rich wine, and milk, and heav'nly meat,
We come to buy, and live,
Since *nothing* is the price that's set,
And we have nought to give.

6 Impart to all thy flock below
The blessings of thy death.
On ev'ry begging soul bestow
Thy love, thy hope, thy faith.

- 7 May each, with strength from heav'n endu'd
 Say, "My beloved's mine:
 "I eat his flesh, and drink his blood,
 "In signs of bread and wine."

2.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord has made.
 Rejoice, my friends, to see
 His royal table richly spread
 For such vile worms as we.
- 2 Ye beggars, from your dunghills rise;
 Cast off your rags of shame.
 Open, ye blind, your long-clos'd eyes;
 And leap for joy, ye lame.
- 3 Come, and with regal robes be clad,
 All at the cost of Christ.
 Come, ev'ry one a king be made,
 And ev'ry one a priest.
- 4 Welcome, poor finner, welcome here;
 Leave all thy cares behind;
 Dismiss thy doubt, cast off thy fear;
 Give reas'nings to the wind.
- 5 Believe thy God; believe his word,
 His Spirit, and his Son.
 Only believe thy dying Lord,
 And all the work is done.
- 6 Come, eat his flesh and drink his blood;
 Make all his merits thine,
 Sure as thy body lives on food,
 And feels the strength of wine.

3.

- G**LORY to God on high;
 Our peace is made with heav'n.
 The Son of God came down to die,
 That sin might be forgiv'n.
 His precious blood was shed,
 His body bruise'd for sin:
 Remember *this* in eating bread,
 And *that* in drinking wine.
 Approach his royal board,
 In his rich garments clad.
 Join ev'ry tongue to praise the Lord,
 And ev'ry heart be glad.
 The Father gives the Son;
 The Son his flesh and blood;
 The Sp'rit applies, and faith puts on,
 The righteousness of God.
 Sinners, the gift receive;
 And each say, "I am chief.
 "Thou know'st, O Lord, I would believe;
 "Oh! help my unbelief."
 Lord, help us from above;
 The pow'r is all thy own.
 Faith is thy gift, and hope, and love;
 For of ourselves we've none.

4.

- F**ATHER of heav'n, almighty King,
 How wondrous is thy love,
 That worms of dust thy praise should sing,
 And thou their songs approve!

- 2 Since by a new and living way
 Accels to thee is giv'n,
 Poor sinners may with boldness pray,
 And earth converse with heav'n.
- 3 Give each some token, Lord, for good;
 And send the Spirit down
 To feed us with celestial food,
 The body of thy Son.
- 4 The feast thou hast been pleas'd to make
 We would by faith receive,
 That all that come their part may take,
 And all that take may live.
- 5 Let ev'ry tongue the Father own,
 Who, when we all were lost,
 To seek and save us sent the Son,
 And gives the Holy Ghost.

5.

- 1 LORD, who can hear of all thy wo,
 Thy groans and dying cries,
 And not feel tears of sorrow flow,
 And sighs of pity rise?
- 2 Much harder than the hardest stone
 That man's hard heart must be.
 Alas! dear Lord, with shame we own,
 That just such hearts have we.
- 3 The symbols of thy flesh and blood
 Will (as they have been oft)
 With unrelenting hearts be view'd,
 Unless thou make them soft.
- 4 Dissolve these rocks; call forth the stream;
 Make ev'ry eye a sluice:
 Let none be slow to weep for him
 Who wept so much for us.

- 5 And, while we mourn, and sing, and pray,
 And feed on bread and wine,
 Lord, let thy quick'ning Sp'rit convey
 The substance with the sign.

6.

- 1 THE blest memorials of thy grief,
 Thy sufferings and thy death,
 We come, dear Saviour, to receive,
 But would receive with faith.
- 2 The tokens, sent us to relieve
 Our spirits when they droop,
 We come, dear Saviour, to receive,
 But would receive with hope.
- 3 The pledges thou wast pleas'd to leave,
 Our mournful minds to move,
 We come, dear Saviour, to receive,
 But would receive with love.
- 4 Here, in obedience to thy word,
 We take the bread and wine;
 The utmost we can do, dear Lord,
 For all beyond is thine.
- 5 Increase our faith, and hope, and love;
 Lord, give us all that's good.
 We would thy full salvation prove,
 And share thy flesh and blood.

7.

- 1 JOIN ev'ry tongue to sing
 The mercies of the Lord.
 The love of Christ our King
 Let ev'ry heart record.
 He sav'd us from the wrath of God,
 And paid our ransom with his blood.

- 2 What wondrous grace was this!
 We sinn'd, and Jesus died.
 He wrought the righteousness,
 And we were justified.
 We ran the score to lengths extreme,
 And all the debt was charg'd on him.
- 3 Hell was our just desert,
 And he that hell endur'd.
 Guilt broke his guiltless heart
 With wrath that we incurr'd.
 We bruise'd his body, spilt his blood;
 And both become our heav'nly food.

8.

- 1 **H**AIL, thou Bridegroom, bruise'd to death!
 Who hast the wine-press trod
 Of th' Almighty's burning wrath.
 Hail, slaughter'd Lamb of God!
 Melt our hearts with love like thine,
 While we behold thee on the tree,
 Sweetly mourning o'er each sign
 In memory of thee.
- 2 Hail, thou mighty Saviour! blest
 Before the world began
 In th' eternal Father's breast.
 Hail, Son of God and man!
 Thee we hymn in humble strains;
 And to receive we all agree
 These blest symbols of thy pains
 In memory of thee.
- 3 Break, O break these hearts of stone
 By some endearing word.
 Jesus, come! May ev'ry one
 Behold his suff'ring Lord.

Th' Holy Ghost into us breathe.
 Help us to take, from doubtings free,
 These dear tokens of thy death,
 In memory of thee.

4 Thou, our great Melchisedec,
 Bring'st forth thy bread and wine.
 Thou hast wrought out for our sake
 A righteousness divine.
 Send thy blessing from above,
 When worms partake, such worms as we,
 These rich pledges of thy love,
 In memory of thee.

9.

- 1 OH! that our flinty hearts would melt
 While to remembrance, Lord, we call
 Part of that weight which thou hast felt;
 For who can comprehend it all!
- 2 Ye sinners, while these symbols dear
 Present your suff'ring Lord to view,
 Drop the soft tribute of a tear,
 For he shed many a tear for you.
- 3 In the sad garden, on the wood,
 His body bruise'd, from ev'ry part
 Pour'd on the ground a purple flood,
 'Till sorrow broke his tender heart.
- 4 Lord, while we thus shew forth thy death,
 O send thy Spirit from above;
 Help us to feed on thee by faith,
 And sigh, and sing, and mourn, and love.

10.

- 1 **W**HEN thro' the desert vast
The chosen tribes were led,
They could not plow, nor till, nor sow;
Yet never wanted bread.
- 2 Around their wand'ring camp
The copious manna fell;
Strew'd on the ground a food they found,
But *what* they could not tell.
- 3 But better bread by far
Is now to Christians giv'n;
Poor sinners eat immortal meat,
The living bread from heav'n.
- 4 We eat the flesh of Christ,
Who is the bread of God.
Their food was coarse compar'd with ours,
Tho' their's was angels food.

11.

- 1 **L**ORD, send thy Spirit down
On babes that long to learn.
Open our eyes, and make us wise,
Thy body to discern.
- 2 'Tis by thy word we live,
And not by bread alone;
The word of truth from thy blest mouth:
O, make it clearly known.
- 3 With what we have receiv'd
Impart thy quick'ning pow'r.
We would be fed with living bread,
And live for evermore.

12.

- 1 PITY a helpless sinner, Lord,
 Who would believe thy gracious word,
 But own my heart, with shame and grief,
 A sink of sin and unbelief.
- 2 Lord, in thy house I read there's room;
 And, vent'ring hard, behold I come.
 But can there, tell me, can there be,
 Amongst thy children, room for *me*?
- 3 I eat the bread, and drink the wine:
 But oh! my soul wants more than sign.
 I faint, unless I feed on thee,
 And drink thy blood as shed for *me*.
- 4 For sinners, Lord, thou can'st to bleed;
 And I'm a sinner vile indeed!
 Lord, I believe thy grace is free:
 O, magnify that grace in *me*.

13.

- 1 O How good our gracious God is!
 What rich feasts does he provide!
 Bread and wine to feed our bodies;
 But much more is signified.
 All his sheep (amazing wonder!)
 Feeds he with his flesh and blood.
 Where's the pow'r can ever sunder
 Souls united thus to God?
- 2 When we take the sacred symbols
 Of his body, bread and wine;
 While the heart relents and trembles,
 We rejoice with joy divine.

Jesus makes the weakest able,
 Feeds us with his flesh and blood.
 Needy beggars at his table
 Are the welcome guests of God.

- 3 Cease thy fears, then, weak believer;
 Jesus Christ is still the same,
 Yesterday, to-day, for ever;
 Saviour is his unction's name.
 Lowliness of heart, and meekness,
 To the bleeding Lamb belong.
 Trust in him, and by thy weakness
 Thou shalt prove that Christ is strong.

14.

- 1 SUFF'RING Saviour, Lamb of God,
 How hast thou been used!
 With th' Almighty's wrathful rod
 Soul and body bruised!
- 2 We, for whom thou once wast slain,
 We, whose sins did pierce thee,
 Now commemorate thy pain,
 And implore thy mercy.
- 3 We would with thee sympathize
 In thy bitter passion;
 With soft hearts and weeping eyes
 See thy great Salvation.
- 4 Thine's an everlasting love;
 We have dearly try'd thee.
 Whom have we in heav'n above,
 Whom on earth, beside thee?
- 5 What can helpless sinners do,
 When temptations seize us?
 Nought have we to look unto,
 But the blood of Jesus.

Pardon all our baseness, Lord;
 All our weakness pity:
 Guide us safely by thy word
 To the heav'nly city.

Oh! sustain us on the road
 Thro' this desert dreary.
 Feed us with thy flesh and blood
 When we're faint and weary.

Bid us call to mind thy cross,
 Our hard hearts to soften.
 Often, Saviour, feast us thus,
 For we need it often.

15.

THE tender mercies of the Lord,
 On those that fear his name,
 For ev'ry thankful tongue afford
 An everlasting theme.

He pities all that feel his fear,
 When wounded, pain'd, or weak;
 As tender mothers grieve to hear
 Their infants moan when sick.

He to the needy and the faint
 His mighty aid makes known;
 And, when their languid life is spent,
 Supplies it with his own.

The body in his bounty shares,
 Sustain'd with corn and wine;
 But for the soul himself prepares
 A banquet more divine.

By faith receiv'd, his flesh and blood
 Shall life eternal give;
 For he that eats immortal food,
 Immortally must live.

- 1 **WHEN** Jesus undertook
 To rescue ruin'd man,
 The realms of bliss forsook,
 And to relieve us ran,
 He spar'd no pains, declin'd no load,
 Resolv'd to buy us with his blood.
- 2 No harsh commands he gave,
 No hard conditions brought ;
 He came to seek and save,
 And pardon ev'ry fault.
 Poor trembling sinners hear his call ;
 They come, and he forgives them all.
- 3 When thus we're reconcil'd,
 He sets no rig'rous tasks.
 His yoke is soft and mild,
 For love is all he asks :
 Ev'n *that* from him we first receive,
 For well he knows we've none to give.
- 4 This pure and heav'nly gift
 Within our hearts to move,
 The dying Saviour left
 These tokens of his love ;
 Which seem to say, " While this ye do,
 " Remember him that dy'd for you."

17.

- 1 **THAT** doleful night, before his death,
 The Lamb for sinners slain
 Did almost with his latest breath
 This solemn feast ordain.
 To keep thy feast, Lord, are we met ;
 And to remember thee.
 Help each poor trembler to repeat,
For me he died, *for me*.

165

Thy suff'rings, Lord, each sacred sign
 To our remembrance brings:
 We eat the bread, and drink the wine;
 But think on nobler things.
 O, tune our tongues, and set in frame
 Each heart that pants to thee,
 To sing, "Hosannah to the Lamb,
 "The Lamb that dy'd for *me*." *Hal.*

18.

JESUS, once for sinners slain, *Hal.*
 From the dead was rais'd again;
 And in heav'n is now set down
 With his Father in his throne.
 There he reigns a King supreme;
 We shall also reign with him.
 Feeble souls, be not dismay'd;
 Trust in his almighty aid.
 He has made an end of sin,
 And his blood has wash'd us clean.
 Fear not; he is ever near;
 Now, -ev'n now, he's with us here.
 Thus assembling, we, by faith,
 Till he come, shew forth his death.
 Of his body bread's the sign;
 And we drink his blood in wine.
 Bread, thus broken, aptly shews
 How his body God did bruise.
 When the grape's rich blood we see,
 Lord, we then remember thee.
 Saints on earth, with saints above,
 Celebrate his dying love.

And let ev'ry ransom'd soul
Sound his praise from pole to pole.

19.

- 1 **T**HE God, that first us chose,
Th' eternal Father praise.
What wondrous bounties he bestows!
And by what wondrous ways!
- 2 His creatures all are fill'd
By him with proper food:
But O! he gives to ev'ry child
His Son's own flesh and blood.
- 3 Here hungry souls appear,
And eat celestial bread.
The needy beggar banquets here,
With royal dainties fed.
- 4 Here thirsty souls approach,
And drink immortal wine.
The entertainment is for such,
Prepar'd by grace divine.
- 5 God bids us bring no price;
The feast is furnish'd free;
His bounteous hand the poor supplies.
And who more poor than we?
- 6 His Spirit from above
Our Father sends us down,
And looks with everlasting love
On all that love the Son.

20.

- 1 **W**HAT creatures beside
Are favour'd like us?
Forgiven, supply'd,
And banqueted thus,

By God our good Father,
Who gave us his Son,
And sent him to gather
His children in one?

2 Salvation's of God,
Th' effect of free grace.
Upon us bestow'd
Before the world was.
God *from* everlasting
Be blest; and again
Blest *to* everlasting.
Amen, and amen.

21.

Before Preaching. 2 Hymns.

1 ONCE more we come before our God;
Once more his blessing ask.

O! may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task.

2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
From heav'n in Jesu's name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
Hoard up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 To seek thee all our hearts dispose;
To each thy blessing suit;
And let the seed thy servant sow
Produce a copious fruit.

- 5 Bid the refreshing north wind wake;
 Say to the south wind, Blow.
 Let ev'ry plant the pow'r partake,
 And all the garden grow.
- 6 Revive the parch'd with heav'nly show'rs,
 The cold with warmth divine;
 And, as the benefit is ours,
 Be all the glory thine.

22.

- 1 **T**HE good hand of God
 Has brought us again
 (A favour bestow'd,
 We hope, not in vain)
 To hear from our Saviour
 The word of his grace;
 Then be our behaviour
 Becoming the place.
- 2 Remember the ends
 For which we are met.
 Alas! my dear friends,
 We're apt to forget.
 The motives that brought us
 The Lord only sees:
 But, if he has taught us,
 Our ends should be these:
- 3 To worship the Lord
 With praise and with pray'r;
 To practise his word,
 As well as to hear;
 To own with contrition
 The deeds we have done,
 And take the remission
 God gives in his Son.

4 Blest Spirit of Christ
 Descend on us thus:
 Thy servant assist;
 Teach him to teach us.
 Oh send us thy unction
 To teach us all good;
 And touch with compunction,
 And sprinkle with blood.

23.

The fear of the Lord. 3 Hymns.

1 THE fear of the Lord
 Our days will prolong;
 In trouble afford
 A confidence strong:
 Will keep us from sinning;
 Will prosper our ways;
 And is the beginning
 Of wisdom and grace.

2 The fear of the Lord
 Preserves us from death;
 Enforces his word,
 Enlivens our faith:
 It regulates passion,
 And helps us to quell
 The dread of damnation,
 And terrors of hell.

3 The fear of the Lord
 Is soundness and health;
 A treasure well stor'd
 With heavenly wealth;
 A fence against evil,
 By which we resist
 World, flesh, and the devil,
 And imitate Christ.

- 4 The fear of the Lord
Is clean and approv'd ;
Makes Satan abhorr'd,
And Jesus belov'd.
It conquers by weakness ;
Is proof against strife ;
A cordial in sickness,
A fountain of life.
- 5 The fear of the Lord
Is lowly and meek ;
The happy reward
Of all that him seek :
They only that fear him
The truth can discern ;
For, living so near him,
His secrets they learn.
- 6 The fear of the Lord
His mercy makes dear,
His judgments ador'd,
His righteousness clear.
Without its fresh flavour
In knowledge there's fault ;
In doctrine's no favour ;
In duties no salt.
- 7 The fear of the Lord
Confirms a good hope ;
By this are restor'd
The senses that droop.
The deeper it reaches
The more the soul thrives ;
It gives what it teaches,
And guards what it gives.

- 6 The fear of the Lord
 Forbids us to yield;
 It sharpens our sword,
 And strengthens our shield.
 Then cry we to heaven,
 With one loud accord,
 That to us be given
 The fear of the Lord.

24.

- 1 **H**APPY the men that fear the Lord;
 They from the paths of sin depart,
 Rejoice and tremble at his word,
 And hide it deep within their heart.
- 2 They in his mercy hope, thro' grace;
 Revere his judgments, not contemn:
 In pleasing him their pleasure's plac'd;
 And His delight is plac'd in them.
- 3 This fear, a rich and endless store,
 Preserves the soul from pois'nous pride.
 The heart that wants this fear is poor,
 Whatever it possesses beside.
- 4 This treasure was by Christ possess'd,
 In this his understanding stood;
 And ev'ry one that's with it blest
 Has free redemption in his blood.

25.

- 1 **T**HE men that fear the Lord
 In ev'ry state are blest:
 The Lord will grant whate'er they want;
 Their souls shall dwell at rest.

- 2 His secrets they shall share;
His covenant shall learn:
Guided by grace, shall walk his way,
And heav'nly truths discern.
- 3 He pities all their griefs;
When sinking, makes them swim:
He dries their tears, relieves their fears,
And bids them trust in him.
- 4 In his remembrance-book
The Saviour sets them down,
Accounting each a jewel rich,
And calls them all his own.
- 5 This fear 's the sp'rit of faith,
A confidence that's strong;
An unctious light to all that's right,
A bar to all that's wrong.
- 6 It gives religion life,
To warm as well as light;
Makes mercy sweet, salvation great,
And all God's judgments right.

26.

I will sing of mercy and judgment. Psalm ci. 1.

- 1 **THY** mercy, Lord, we praise;
Of judgment too we sing;
For all the riches of thy grace
Our grateful tribute bring.
- 2 Mercy may justly claim
A sinner's thankful voice:
And, judgment joining in the theme,
We tremble and rejoice.

Thy mercies bid us trust ;
 Thy judgments strike with awe :
 We fear the last, we bless the first,
 And love thy righteous law.

Who can thy acts express,
 Or trace thy wondrous ways?
 How glorious is thy holiness !
 How terrible thy praise !

Thy goodness how immense
 To those that fear thy name !
 Thy love surpasses thought or sense,
 And always is the same.

Thy judgments are too deep
 For reason's line to sound.
 Thy tender mercies to thy sheep
 No bottom know, nor bound.

27.

Characters and offices of Christ.

CHRIST is th' eternal *Rock*,
 On which his church is built ;
 The *Shepherd* of his little flock ;
 The *Lamb* that took our guilt ;
 Our *Counsellor* ; our *Guide* ;
 Our *Brother*, and our *Friend* ;
 The *Bridegroom* of his chosen bride,
 Who loves her to the end.

He is the *Son* to free ;
 The *Bishop* he to bless ;
 The full *Propitiation* he ;
 The Lord our *Righteousness* ;

His body's glorious *Head*;
 Our *Advocate* that pleads;
 Our *Priest* that pray'd, aton'd, and bled,
 And ever intercedes.

- 3 Let all obedient souls
 Their grateful tribute bring.
 Submit to Jesu's righteous rules,
 And bow before the *King*.
 Our *Prophet* Christ expounds
 His and our Father's will;
 This good *Physician* cures our wounds
 With tenderness and skill.
- 4 When sin had sadly made
 'Twixt wrath and mercy strife,
 Our dear *Redeemer* dearly paid
 Our ransom with his life.
 Faith gives the full release;
 Our *Surety* for us stood:
 The *Mediator* made the peace,
 And sign'd it with his blood.
- 5 Soldiers, your *Captain* own;
 Domestics, serve your *Lord*;
 Sinners, the *Saviour's* love make known;
 Saints, hymn th' incarnate *Word*:
 The *Witness* sure and true
 Of God's good will to men;
 The *Alpha* and th' *Omega* too;
 The first and last *Amen*.
- 6 Poor pilgrims shall not stray,
 Who frighted flee from wrath:
 A bleeding Jesus is the *Way*,
 And blood tracks all the path.

Christians in Christ obtain
 The *Truth* that can't deceive ;
 And never shall they die again
 Who in the *Life* believe.

28.

Praise for Creation and Redemption.

WHILE heav'nly hosts their anthems sing
 In realms above the sky,
 Let worms of earth their tribute bring,
 And laud the Lord most high.
 In thankful notes your voices raise,
 Ye ransom'd of the Lord ;
 And sing th' eternal Father's praise,
 The God by all ador'd.

2 All creatures to his bounty owe
 Their being and their breath :
 But greatest gratitude should flow
 In men redeem'd from death.
 His only Son he deign'd to give ;
 (What love this gift declares !)
 And all that in the Son believe,
 Eternal life is theirs.

29.

Put on the whole armour of God. Eph. vi. 11.

1 GIRD thy loins up, Christian soldier,
 Lo ! thy Captain calls thee out :
 Let the danger make thee bolder ;
 War in weakness ; dare in doubt.

- Buckle on thy heav'nly armour;
 Patch up no inglorious peace:
 Let thy courage wax the warmer,
 As thy foes and fears increase.
- 2 Bind thy golden girdle round thee,
 Truth to keep thee firm and tight:
 Never shall the foe confound thee,
 While the truth maintains thy fight.
 Righteousness within thee rooted
 May appear to take thy part;
 But let righteousness imputed
 Be the breast-plate of thy heart.
- 3 Shod with gospel-preparation,
 In the paths of promise tread;
 Let the hope of free salvation,
 As a helmet, guard thy head.
 When beset with various evils
 Wield the Spirit's two-edg'd sword:
 Cut thy way thro' hosts of devils,
 While they fall before the word.
- 4 But when the dangers closer threaten,
 And thy soul draws near to death;
 When assaulted sore by Satan,
 Then object the shield of faith:
 Fiery darts of fierce temptations,
 Intercepted by thy God,
There shall lose their force in patience,
 Sheath'd in love, and quench'd in blood.
- 5 Though to speak thou be not able,
 Alway pray, and never rest:
 Pray'r's a weapon for the feeble;
 Weakest souls can wield it best.

Ever on thy Captain calling,
 Make thy worst condition known :
 He shall hold thee up when falling,
 Or shall lift thee up when down.

30.

Desertion.

- 1 DEEP in a cold, a joyless cell,
 A doleful gulph of gloomy care !
 Where dismal doubts and darkness dwell,
 The dang'rous brink of black despair ;
 Chill'd by the icy damps of death,
 I feel no firm support of faith.
- 2 How can a burden'd cripple rise ?
 How can a fetter'd captive flee ?
 Ah ! Lord, direct my wishful eyes,
 And let me look, at least, to thee.
 Alas ! my sinking spirits droop ;
 I scarce perceive a glimpse of hope.
- 3 Extend the mercy, gracious God ;
 Thy quick'ning Sp'rit vouchsafe to send ;
 Apply the reconciling blood,
 And kindly call thy foe thy friend :
 Or, if rich cordials thou deny,
 Let Patience Comfort's place supply.
- 4 Let Hope survive, tho' damp't by doubt ;
 Do thou defend my shatter'd shield :
 Oh ! let me never quite give out ;
 Help me to keep the bloody field.
 Lord, look upon th' unequal strife ;
 Delay not, lest I lose my life.

31.

Christ's Resurrection. 4 Hymns.

- 1 SEE from the dungeon of the dead
Our great Deliv'rer rise;
While conquest wreaths his heav'nly head,
And glory glads his eyes.
- 2 The struggling Hero, strong to save,
Did all our mis'ries bear
Down to the chambers of the grave,
And left the burden there.
- 3 See, how the well-pleas'd angel rolls
The stone, and opes the pris'n:
Lift up your heads, ye sin sick souls,
And sing, *The Lord is ris'n.*
- 4 No more indictments justice draws;
It sets the soul at large.
Our Surety undertook the cause;
And faith's a full discharge.
- 5 To save us our Redeemer dy'd;
To justify us, rose.
Where's the condemning pow'r beside
Has right to interpose?
- 6 The Lord is ris'n, thou trembling soul:
Let fears no more confound.
Let heav'n and earth, from pole to pole,
The Lord is ris'n resound.

32.

- 1 BELIEVER, lift thy drooping head;
Thy Saviour has the vict'ry gain'd.
See all thy foes in triumph led,
And everlasting life obtain'd.

- 2 God from the grave has rais'd his Son :
The pow'rs of darknes are despoil'd.
Justice declares the work is done,
And God and man are reconcil'd.
- 3 Lo! the Redeemer leaves the tomb :
See the triumphant Hero rise ;
His mighty arms their strength resume,
And conquest sparkles in his eyes.
- 4 Death his death's wound has now receiv'd ;
An end of sin's entirely made :
Pris'ners of hope are quite repriev'd,
And all the dreadful debt is paid.
- 5 Christians, for whom the Lord was slain,
Give him the purchase of his blood.
Let sin no longer in you reign,
But dedicate yourselves to God.
- 6 Earth's empty toys no more esteem ;
Your minds from worldly things remove :
Let your affections rise with him ;
And set your hearts on things above.

33.

- 1 **C**HRISTIANS, dismiss your fear ;
Let hope and joy succeed :
The great good news with galdness hear,
The Lord is ris'n indeed.
The shades of death withdrawn,
His eyes their beams display.
So wakes the sun, when rosy dawn
Unbars the gates of day.

- 2 The promise is fulfill'd;
 Salvation's work is done;
 Justice with mercy's reconcil'd;
 And God has rais'd his Son.
 He quits the dark abode,
 From all corruption free:
 The holy harmless child of God
 Could no corruption see.
- 3 Angels with saints above
 The rising Victor sing:
 And all the blissful seats of love
 With loud hosannas ring.
 Ye pilgrims too below,
 Your hearts and voices raise:
 Let ev'ry breast with gladness glow,
 And ev'ry mouth sing praise.
- 4 My soul, thy Saviour laud,
 Who all thy sorrows bore;
 Who dy'd for sin, but lives to God,
 And lives to die no more.
 His death procur'd thy peace;
 His resurrection's thine:
 Believe; receive the full release;
 'Tis sign'd with blood divine.

34.

- 1 UPRISING from the darksome tomb,
 See the victorious Jesus come!
 Th' Almighty Pris'ner quits the pris'n,
 And angels tell, the Lord is ris'n.
 Angels, angels, angels, angels, angels tell the
 Lord is ris'n.
- 2 Ye guilty souls, that groan and grieve,
 Hear the glad tidings; hear, and live.

God's righteous law is satisfied;
And justice now is on your side.

Justice, justice, &c.

3 Your Surety, thus releas'd by God,
Pleads the rich ransom of his blood.
No new demand, no bar remains;
But mercy now triumphant reigns.
Mercy, mercy, &c.

4 Believers, hail your rising Head,
The first begotten from the dead;
Your resurrection's sure, thro' His,
To endless life, and boundless bliss.
Endless, endless, &c.

35.

Christ's Ascension. 2 Hymns.

1 **N**OW for a theme of thankful praise
To tune the stamm'rer's tongue:
Christians, your hearts and voices raise,
And join the joyful song.

2 The Lord's ascended up on high,
Deck'd with resplendent wounds;
While shouts of vict'ry rend the sky,
And heav'n with joy resounds.

3 See from the regions of the dead,
Thro' all th' etherial plains,
The pow'rs of darkness captive led,
The dragon dragg'd in chains.

4 Y' eternal gates, your leaves unfold,
Receive the conqu'ring King;
Ye angels, strike your harps of gold,
And saints, triumphant sing.

- 5 Sinners, rejoice, he died for *you*,
 For *you* prepares a place;
 Sends down his Sp'rit to guide you thro'
 With ev'ry gift and grace.
- 6 His blood, which did your sins atone,
 For your salvation pleads;
 And, seated on his Father's throne,
 He reigns and intercedes.

36.

- 1 JESUS, our triumphant Head,
 Ris'n victorious from the dead,
 To the realms of glory's gone,
 To ascend his rightful throne.
- 2 Cherubs on the conqu'ror gaze;
 Seraphs glow with brighter blaze;
 Each bright order of the sky
 Hail him, as he passes by.
- 3 Saints the glorious triumph meet;
 See their en'mies at his feet.
 By his scars his toils are view'd,
 And his garments roll'd in blood.
- 4 Heav'n its King congratulates,
 Opens wide her golden gates:
 Angels songs of vict'ry sing;
 All the blissful regions ring.
- 5 Sinners, join the heav'nly pow'rs,
 For redemption all is ours:
 None but burthen'd sinners prove
 Blood-bought pardon, dying love.

Hal.

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- 6 Hail, thou dear, thou worthy Lord;
 Holy Lamb, incarnate Word!
 Hail, thou suff'ring Son of God!
 Take the trophies of thy blood.

37.

The Gospel.

- 1 **R**EPENT, ye sons of men, repent:
 Hear the good tidings God has sent,
 Of sinners sav'd, and sins forgiv'n,
 And beggars rais'd to reign in heav'n.
 Beggars, beggars, beggars, beggars, beggars,
 rais'd to reign in heav'n.
- 2 God sent his Son to die for us,
 Die to redeem us from the curse.
 He took our weakness, bore our load,
 And dearly bought us with his blood.
 Dearly, dearly, &c.
- 3 In Guilt's dark dungeon when we lay,
 Mercy cried, "Spare;" and Justice, "Slay."
 But Jesus answer'd, "Set them free;
 "And pardon *them*, and punish *me*."
 Pardon, pardon, &c.
- 4 Salvation is of God alone;
 Life everlasting in his Son:
 And he, that gave his son to bleed,
 Will freely give us all we need.
 Freely, freely, &c.
- 5 Believe the gospel, and rejoice;
 Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
 His goodness praise, his wonders tell,
 Who ransom'd all our souls from hell.
 Ransom'd, ransom'd, &c.

True and false Faith.

- 1 FAITH's a convincing proof,
A substance sound and sure,
That keeps the soul secur'd enough,
But makes it not secure.
- 2 Notion's the harlot's test,
By which the truth's revil'd :
The child of Fancy, finely drest ;
But not the living child.
- 3 Faith is by knowledge fed,
And with obedience mixt ;
Notion is empty, cold, and dead ;
And Fancy's never fixt.
- 4 True faith's the life of God ;
Deep in the heart it lies :
It lives and labours under load ;
Though damp't, it never dies.
- 5 A weak'ning, empty grace,
That makes us strong and full ;
False faith, tho' stout and full in face,
Weakens and starves the soul.
- 6 Opinions in the head
True faith as far excels,
As body differs from a shade,
Or kernels from the shells.
- 7 To see good bread or wine
Is not to eat or drink ;
So some, who hear the word divine,
Do not *believe*, but *think*.

- 8 True faith refines the heart,
And purifies with blood:
Takes the whole gospel, not a part,
And holds the fear of God.

39.

Sickness. 2 Hymns.

- 1 LORD, hear a restless wretch's groans;
To thee my soul in secret moans:
My body's weak, my heart's unclean;
I pine with sickness, and with sin.
- 2 My strength decays, my spirits droop;
Bow'd down with guilt, I can't look up:
I lose my life, I lose my soul,
Except thy mercy make me whole.
- 3 Thou know'st what 'tis, Lord, to be sick;
And, tho' Almighty, hast been weak.
Sin thou hadst none; and yet didst die
For guilty sinners such as I.
- 4 Sin's rankling sores my soul corrode;
Oh! heal them with thy balmy blood;
And, if thou dost my health restore,
Lord, let me ne'er offend thee more.
- 5 Or, if I never more must rise,
But Death's cold hand must close my eyes,
Pardon my sins, and take me home;
O come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.

40.

- 1 WHEN pining sickness wastes the frame,
Acute disease, or tiring pain;
When life fast spends her feeble flame,
And all the help of man proves vain;

- 2 Joyless and flat all things appear;
The sp'rits are languid, thin the flesh;
Med'cines can't ease, nor cordials cheer;
Nor food support, nor sleep refresh;
- 3 Then, then to have recourse to God,
To pour a pray'r in time of need,
And feel the balm of Jesu's blood,
This is to find a friend indeed.
- 4 And this, O Christian, is thy lot,
Who cleavest to the Lord by faith.
He'll never leave thee (doubt it not)
In pain, in sickness, or in death.
- 5 When flesh decays, and heart thus fails,
He shall thy strength and portion be;
Shall take thy weakness, bear thy ails,
And softly whisper, "Trust in me."
- 6 Himself shall be thy helping friend,
Thy good Physician, nay, thy nurse:
To make thy bed shall condescend;
And from th' affliction take the curse.
- 7 Shouldst thou a moment's absence mourn;
Should some short darkness intervene;
He'll give thee pow'r, till light return,
To trust him, with the cloud between.

41.

Death. 3 Hymns.

- 1 YE sons of men, the warning take;
A moment brings us all to dust.
Awake from sin; from sloth awake;
Reflect in what you put your trust.

- 2 Life is a lily, fair to-day;
To-morrow into th' oven thrown.
Health soon will fail, and strength decay,
No help in pow'r; in riches none.
- 3 Ah! what avails the pompous pall?
The *sable stoles* *, the plumed hearse?
To rot within some sacred wall;
Or wound a stone with lying verse?
- 4 'Tis destin'd all men once must die,
And after death receive their doom.
Then whither will th' ungodly fly?
Or those who carelessly presume?
- 5 Blessed are they, and only they,
Who in the Lord, their Saviour, die;
Their bodies wait redemption's day,
And sleep in peace where'er they lie.
- 6 Where is thy vict'ry, where thy sting,
Thou grieved king of terrors, Death;
We worms defy thee, while we sing,
And trample on thy pow'r by faith.

42.

- 1 VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
Repent. Thy end is nigh.
Death at the farthest can't be far.
Oh! think before thou die.
- 2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?
- 3 Death enters, and there's no defence;
His time there's none can tell.
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven or to hell.

* Black Robes.

- 4 Thy flesh, perhaps, thy chiefest care,
 Shall crawling worms consume :
 But ah ! destruction stops not there ;
 Sin kills beyond the tomb.
- 5 To day, the gospel calls, to-day ;
 Sinners, it speaks to you :
 Let ev'ry one forsake his way,
 And mercy will ensue ;
- 6 Rich mercy, dearly bought with blood,
 How vile foe'er he be ;
 Abundant pardon, peace with God ;
 All giv'n entirely free.

43.

- 1 YE bold blaspheming souls,
 Whose conscience nothing scares ;
 Ye carnal cold professing fools,
 Whose state's as bad as theirs ;
- 2 Ye strong deluded lights,
 Whose faith's too stout to pray ;
 And ye, whom proud perfection cheats,
 As free from sin as *they* ;
- 3 The awful change, not far,
 Dissolves each golden dream :
 Death will distinguish what you are,
 From what you only seem.
- 4 Repent, or you're undone ;
 And pray to God with speed :
 Perhaps the truth may yet be known,
 And make you free indeed.
- 5 The hour of death draws nigh ;
 'Tis time to drop the mask.
 Fall at the feet of Christ, and cry :
 He gives to all that ask.

- 6 Good Shepherd of the sheep,
Abolisher of death,
O, give us all repentance deep,
And purifying faith.

44.

4. *Funeral Hymns.*

- 1 **T**HE spirits of the just,
Confin'd in bodies, groan,
Till death consigns the corpse to dust,
And then the conflict's done.
- 2 Jesus, who came to save,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Perfum'd the chambers of the grave,
And made ev'n death our gain.
- 3 Why fear we then to trust
The place where Jesus lay?
In quiet rests our *brother's* dust,
And thus it seems to say:
- 4 "Forbear, my friends, to weep,
"Since death has lost its sting:
"Those Christians that in Jesus sleep,
"Our God will with him bring."
- 5 This message then receive,
And grief indulge no more:
Return to work a while; believe;
And wait the welcome hour.

45.

- 1 **S**ONS of God by blest adoption,
View the dead with steady eyes:
What is sown thus in corruption
Shall in incorruption rise.

What is sown in Death's dishonour
 Shall revive to glory's light;
 What is sown in this weak manner
 Shall be rais'd in matchless might.

- 2 Earthly cavern, to thy keeping
 We commit our *brother's* dust :
 Keep it safely, softly sleeping,
 Till our Lord demand thy trust.
 Sweetly sleep, dear faint, in Jesus,
 Thou with us shalt wake from Death :
 Hold he cannot, tho' he seize us ;
 We his pow'r defy by faith.
- 3 Jesus, thy rich consolations
 To thy mourning people send ;
 May we all, with faith and patience,
 Wait for our approaching end.
 Keep from courage vain or vaunted,
 For our change our hearts prepare ;
 Give us confidence undaunted,
 Cheerful hope, and godly fear.

46.

- 1 CHRISTIANS, view this solemn scene ;
 And, if your souls be sad,
 Look beyond the cloud between,
 And let your hearts be glad.
 Never from your mem'ry lose
 The resurrection of the just.
 Death's a blessing now to those
 Who in our Jesus trust.
- 2 Deep interr'd in earth's dark womb,
 The mould'ring body lies :
 But the Christian from the tomb
 Shall soon triumphant rise.

Jesus Christ, the righteous Judge,
For all his people's sins was slain.

Give the Saviour, without grudge,
The purchase of his pain.

3 Now the grave's a downy bed,
Embroider'd round with blood.

Say not the believer's dead;
He only rests in God.

Lord, we long to be at home,
Lay down our heads, and sleep in Thee.
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come,
And set thy pris'ners free.

47.

1 FOUNTAIN of life, who gav'st us b
Eternal Sire, by all ador'd;
Who mak'st us conqu'rors over death,
Thro' Jesus our victorious Lord;

2 We give thee thanks, we sing thy praise,
For calling thus thy children home;
And short'ning tribulation days,
To hide them in the peaceful tomb.

3 Jesus, confiding in thy name,
Thou King of saints, thy body's Head,
We give to earth the breathless frame,
Rememb'ring thou thyself wast dead.

4 Thine was a bitter death indeed,
Thou harmless suff'ring Lamb of God;
Thou hast from hell thy people freed,
And drown'd destruction in thy blood.

The Resurrection. 3 Hymns.

- 1 **T**HE praise of Christ, ye Christians sound,
His mighty acts be told.
Death has receiv'd a deadly wound :
He takes, but cannot hold.
- 2 Clipt are the greedy vulture's claws ;
No more we dread his pow'r :
He gapes with adamantine joys,
And grins, but can't devour.
- 3 Believers in their darksome graves
Shall start, to light restor'd ;
Forfake their monumental caves,
And mount to meet the Lord.
- 4 Not long in ground the dying grain
Is hid, or lies forlorn ;
But soon revives, and springs again,
And comes to standing corn.
- 5 So, waking from the womb of earth,
Where Christ has lain before,
And bursting to a better birth,
We rise to die no more.
- 6 The wicked too shall rise again :
The difference will be this ;
They rise to everlasting pain,
And saints to endless bliss.

49.

- 1 **P**LEAS'D we read, in sacred story,
How our Lord resum'd his breath.
Where, O grave, 's thy conqu'ring glory ?
Where's thy sting, thou phantom, Death ?

Soon thy jaws, restrain'd from chewing,

Must disgorge their ransom'd prey:

Man first gave thee pow'r to ruin;

Man too takes that pow'r away.

2 I am Alpha, says the Saviour;

I Omega likewise am:

I was dead, and live for ever,

God Almighty and the Lamb.

In the Lord is our perfection;

And in him our boast we'll make:

We shall share his resurrection,

If we of his death partake.

3 Ye that die without repentance,

Ye must rise, when Christ appears;

Rise to hear your dreadful sentence,

While the saints rejoice in theirs.

You to dwell with fiends infernal,

They with Jesus Christ to reign:

They go into life eternal,

You to everlasting pain.

4 Bold rebellion, base backsliding,

Stop your course; reflect with dread:

In destruction there's no hiding;

Death and hell give up their dead.

Ev'ry sea, and lake, and river,

Shall restore their dead to view.

Shout for gladness, O believer;

Christ is ris'n; and so shall you.

50.

1 YE Christians, hear the joyful news,

Death has receiv'd a deadly bruise;

Our Lord has made his empire fall,

And conquer'd him that conquer'd all.

Conquer'd, conquer'd, conquer'd, conquer'd,

conquer'd him that conquer'd all.

- 2 Tho' doom'd are all men once to die,
Yet we by faith death's pow'r defy :
We soon shall feel his bands unbound,
Awaken'd by th' archangel's sound.
Waken'd, waken'd, &c.
- 3 The trump of God shall rend the rocks,
And open adamantine locks.
Come forth the dead from death's dark dome;
And Jesus calls his ransom'd home.
Jesus, Jesus, &c.
- 4 Ye sinners, timely warning take.
Turn to the Lord; your ways forsake :
And hope, thro' God's almighty pow'r,
The happy resurrection-hour.
Happy, happy, &c.

51.

The Day of Judgment. 3 Hymns.

- 1 **A**WAKE, ye sleeping souls, awake,
And hear the God of Isr'el speak.
His word is faithful, firm, and true :
Sinners, attend ; he speaks to you.
- 2 Mercy and veng'ance in me dwell :
One lifts to heav'n ; one casts to hell.
My favour's more than life ; my wrath
Will burn beyond the bounds of death.
- 3 Short is the space, and death must come ;
And after death the day of doom ;
When quick and dead the Judge shall call,
And deal their due deserts to all.
- 4 Fixt in their everlasting state,
Could men repent, 'twere then too late :

- Justice has bolted mercy's door,
 And God's long-suffering is no more.
- 5 'Tis *now* the gospel message sent
 Commands repentance; *now* repent.
 Wisely be warn'd; to refuge run:
 Obey the Father, kiss the Son.
- 6 In Christ receive the gift of God,
 Complete redemption thro' his blood:
 Mercy triumphant; sin forgiv'n;
 And everlasting life in heav'n.

52.

- 1 **B**EHOLD! with awful pomp
 The Judge prepares to come;
 Th' archangel sounds the dreadful trump,
 And wakes the gen'ral doom.
- 2 Nature, in wild amaze,
 Her dissolution mourns:
 Blushes of blood the moon deface;
 The sun to darkness turns.
- 3 The living look with dread:
 The frightened dead arise;
 Start from the monumental bed,
 And lift their ghastly eyes.
- 4 Horrors all hearts appal;
 They quake, they shriek, they cry;
 Bid rocks and mountains on them fall,
 But rocks and mountains fly.
- 5 Ye wilful wanton fools,
 Let danger make you wise;
 Carnal professors, careless souls,
 Unclose your lazy eyes.

- 6 'Tis time we all awake;
The dreadful day draws near:
Sinners, your proud presumption check,
And stop your wild career.
- 7 Now's th' accepted time:
To Christ for mercy fly.
O, turn, repent, and trust in him,
And you shall never die.
- 8 Great God, in whom we live,
Prepare us for that day:
Help us in Jesus to believe,
To watch, and wait, and pray.

53.

- 1 **S**INNER, that slumb'rest on the brink
Of hell's devouring lake,
O think on death, on judgment think:
What mean'st thou, sleeper? wake.
- 2 Soon shall the Lord himself descend,
The clouds before him riv'n;
A sudden shout the earth shall rend,
And shake the pow'rs of heav'n.
- 3 Myriads of angels bright shall wait
His orders to obey;
And ransom'd saints triumphant meet,
As bright and blest as *they*.
- 4 The King shall send his summons forth:
His messengers shall speed,
From east and west, from south and north,
To cite the quick and dead.
- 5 But ah! what pale, what ghastly looks!
When guilty wretches come,
To hear, from God's unerring books,
Their just, tho' dreadful doom!

- 6 Convinc'd of ev'ry wanton word,
Of ev'ry daring sin,
Of speeches hard against the Lord,
And thoughts and acts unclean.
- 7 Save us, O Jesus, by thy death,
And cleanse us in thy blood;
Give us to live and die in faith,
And wait the trump of God.

54.

Hell.

- 1 THE dev'l can self denial use,
And that with dev'lish selfish views;
His being and his state disown,
And teach that dev'l or hell there's none.
- 2 But hear the words of God, O man:
"Sinners, amongst you all who can
"With everlasting burnings dwell?
"The wicked shall be cast to hell."
- 3 Hell is that woeful dreadful place,
Where Jesus never shews his face;
Where sinners damn'd with dev'ls remain,
In hopeless horrors, endless pain!
- 4 God's wrath without his mercy's there.
Wrath without mercy who can bear?
How hot the fire, how huge the load,
Thy suff'rings shew, thou Son of God!
- 5 O man, let goodness make thee melt;
Consider what the Lord has felt.
Repent, and to thy Saviour turn;
Who burn'd, that thou might'st never burn.

Heaven.

- 1 **Y**E souls that trust in Christ, rejoice:
Your sins are all forgiv'n.
Let ev'ry Christian lift his voice,
And sing the joys of heav'n.
- 2 Heav'n is that holy happy place,
Where sin no more defiles ;
Where God unveils his blisful face,
And looks, and loves, and smiles :
- 3 Where Jesus, Son of man and God,
Triumphant from his wars,
Walks in rich garments dipt in blood,
And shews his glorious scars :
- 4 Where ransom'd sinners sound God's praise,
Th' angelic hosts among ;
Sing the rich wonders of his grace ;
And Jesus leads the song :
- 5 Where saints are free from ev'ry load
Of passions, or of pains :
God dwells in them, and they in God ;
And love for ever reigns.
- 6 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor can the heart conceive,
All that the blood of Christ procur'd,
Or all that God can give.
- 7 Lord, as thou shew'st thy glory there,
Make known thy grace to us:
And heav'n will not be wanting here,
While we can hymn thee thus.

- 8 Jesus, our dear Redeemer, dy'd,
 That we might be forgiv'n;
 Rose that we might be justify'd;
 And sends the Sp'rit from heav'n.

56.

Good Works. 3 Hymns.

- 1 IN vain men talk of living faith,
 When all their works exhibit death;
 When they indulge some sinful view
 In all they say, and all they do.
- 2 The true believer fears the Lord,
 Obeys his precepts, keeps his word;
 Commits his works to God alone,
 And seeks His will before his own.
- 3 A barren tree, that bears no fruit,
 Brings no great glory to its root.
 When on the boughs rich fruit we see,
 'Tis then we cry, "A goodly tree!"
- 4 Never did men by faith divine
 To selfishness or sloth incline:
 The Christian works with all his pow'r,
 And grieves that he can work no more.

57.

- 1 WHEN filthy passions or unjust
 Professors minds control;
 When men give up the reins to lust,
 And int'rest sways the whole;
- 2 Or when they seek themselves to please,
 Decline each thorny road,
 Indulge their sloth, consult their ease,
 And slight the fear of God;

- 3 The faith is vain such men profess;
 It comes not from above:
 The righteous man does righteousness,
 And true faith works by love.
- 4 Men's actions with their minds will suit:
 By them the heart is view'd.
 A tree that bears corrupted fruit
 Cannot be called good.
- 5 The Christian seeks his brother's good,
 Sometimes beyond his own;
 Or, if self-int'rest will intrude,
 It does not reign alone.
- 6 Help us, dear Lord, to honour thee;
 Let our good works abound:
 Thou art that green, that fruitful tree;
 From thee our fruit is found.

58.

- 1 VAIN man, to boast forbear
 The knowledge in thy head;
 The sacred Scriptures this declare,
Faith without works is dead.
- 2 When Christ the Judge shall come,
 To render each his due,
 He'll deal thy deeds their righteous doom,
 And set thy works in view.
- 3 Food to the hungry give;
 Give to the thirsty drink:
 To follow Christ is to *believe*;
 Dead faith is but to *think*.
- 4 The man that loves the Lord,
 Will mind whate'er he bid;

Will pay regard to all his word,
And do as Jesus did.

- 5 The dead professor counts
Good works as legal ties:
His faith to action seldom mounts;
On doctrine he relies.
- 6 But words engender strife.
Behold the gospel-plan;
Trust in the Lord alone for life,
And do what good you can.

59.

Repentance. 2 Hymns.

- 1 **W**HAT various ways do men invent
To give the conscience ease?
Some say, Believe; and some, Repent;
And some say, Strive to please.
- 2 But, brethren, Christ, and Christ alone,
Can rightly do the thing:
Nor ever can the way be known,
Till he salvation bring.
- 3 What mean the men that say, Believe,
And let repentance go?
What comfort can the soul receive
That never felt its woe?
- 4 Christ says, "That I might sinners call
"To penitence, I'm sent;"
And, "Likewise, ye shall perish all,
"Except ye do repent."
- 5 Those who are call'd by grace divine
Believe, but not alone:
Repentance to their faith they join,
And so go safely on.

- 6 But should repentance, or should faith,
Should both deficient seem,
Jesus gives both (the Scripture faith);
Then ask them both of him.

60.

- 1 **R**EPENTANCE is a gift bellow'd,
To save a soul from death:
Gospel-repentance towards God
Is always join'd to faith.
- 2 Not for an hour, a day, or week,
Do saints repentance own;
But all the time the Lord they seek
At sin they grieve and groan.
- 3 Nor is it such a dismal thing,
As 'tis by some men nam'd:
A sinner may repent and sing,
Rejoice and be asham'd.
- 4 'Tis not the fear of hell alone,
For that may prove extreme:
Repenting saints the Saviour own,
And grieve for grieving him.
- 5 If penitence be quite left out,
Religion is but halt;
And hope, tho' e'er so clear of doubt,
Like off'rings without salt.

61.

Believe only. Luke viii. 50.

- 1 **Z**EAL extinguish'd to a spark,
Life is very, very low;
All my evidences dark,
And good works I've none to shew.

Pray'r too seems a load ;
 Ordinances tease or tire :
 I can feel no love to God ;
 Hardly have a good desire.

- 2 Tho' thy fainting spirits droop,
 Yet thy God is with thee still.
 To believe in hope 'gainst hope,
 And against thee all things feel ;
Only to believe,
 'Midst thy coldness, doubts, and death ;
 Can'st thou not, poor soul perceive,
 This is now thy work of faith ?

62.

Christ is holy. 2 Hymns.

- 1 JESUS, Lord of life and peace,
 To thee we lift our voice ;
 Teach us at thy holiness
 To tremble and rejoice.
 Sweet and terrible's thy word :
 Thou and thy word are both the same.
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 We love thy holy name.
- 2 Burning seraphs round thy throne,
 Beyond all brightness bright,
 Bow their bashful heads, and own
 Their own diminish'd light.
 Worthy thou to be ador'd,
 Lord God Almighty, Great I AM !
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 We love thy holy name.
- 3 Saints, in whom thy Spirit dwells,
 Pour out their souls to thee :

Each his tale in secret tells,
 And sighs to be set free.
 Christ admir'd, themselves abhorr'd,
 They cry, with awe, delight, and shame,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 We love thy holy name.

4 Men whose hearts admit not fear,
 At thy perfections aw'd,
 Use thy name, but not revere
 The holy child of God:
 These thy kingdom own in word;
 Save us from loyalty so lame.
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 We love thy holy name.

5 Just and righteous is our King;
 Glorious in holiness:
 Tho' we tremble while we sing,
 We would not wish it less.
 Souls by whom the truth's explor'd,
 Wonders of mercy best proclaim.
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 We love thy holy name.

63.

- 1 **G**OD is an high and holy God,
 Eternally the same;
 Holiness is his blest abode,
 And HOLY is his name.
- 2 The Holy Father, Holy Ghost,
 Men readily will own;
 But 'tis a blessing few can boast,
 To know the Holy Son.
- 3 With hearts of flint, and fronts of brass,
 Some talk of Christ their Head;

And make the living Lord, alas!
Companion with the dead.

- 4 Familiar freedom, luscious names,
To Christ some fondly use:
Visions of wonder, flashy frames,
Are others utmost views.
- 5 By things like these men often run
To this or that extreme:
But that man truly knows the Son,
Who loves to live like him.
- 6 Lord, help us by thy mighty pow'r
To gain our constant view;
Which is, that we may know thee more,
And more resemble too.

64.

The Stony Heart.

- 1 OH! for a glance of heav'nly day,
To take this stubborn stone away;
And thaw with beams of love divine
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
- 2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake:
Of feeling all things shew some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt:
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.
- 4 Thy judgments, too, unmov'd I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear:
Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

- 5 But something yet can do the deed;
 And that dear something much I need:
 Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
 And move and melt this heart of mine.

65.

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, &c.
 Rev. v. 12.

- 1 **W**E sing thy praise, exalted Lamb,
 Who sitt'st upon the throne;
 Ten thousand blessings on thy name,
 Who worthy art alone.
 Thy bruised broken body bore
 Our sins upon the tree:
 And now thou liv'st for evermore;
 And now we live thro' thee. *Hal.*
- 2 Poor sinners, sing the Lamb that dy'd,
 (What theme can sound so sweet?)
 His drooping head, his streaming side,
 His pierced hands and feet;
 With all that scene of suff'ring love,
 Which faith presents to view:
 For now he lives and reigns above,
 And lives and reigns for you.
- 3 Was ever grace, Lord, rich as thine?
 Can aught be with it nam'd?
 What pow'ful beams of love divine
 Thy tender heart inflam'd!
 Ye angels, hymn his glorious name,
 Who lov'd and conquer'd thus:
 And we will likewise laud the Lamb,
 For he was slain for us.

Set your affections on things above. Col. iii 2.

- 1 COME, raise your thankful voice,
Ye souls redeem'd with blood:
Leave earth and all its toys,
And mix no more with mud.
Dearly we're bought, highly esteem'd,
Redeem'd, with Jesu's blood redeem'd.
- 2 Christians are priests and kings,
All born of heav'nly birth:
Then think on nobler things,
And grovel not in earth.
Dearly we're bought, highly esteem'd,
Redeem'd, with Jesu's blood redeem'd.
- 3 With heart, and soul, and mind,
Exalt redeeming love;
Leave worldly cares behind,
And set your minds above.
Dearly we're bought, highly esteem'd,
Redeem'd, with Jesus' blood redeem'd.
- 4 Lift up your ravish'd eyes,
And view the glory giv'n:
All lower things despise,
Ye citizens of heav'n.
Dearly we're bought, highly esteem'd,
Redeem'd, with Jesu's blood redeem'd.
- 5 Be to this world as dead,
Alive to that to come;
Our life in Christ is hid,
Who soon shall call us home.
Dearly we're bought, highly esteem'd,
Redeem'd, with Jesu's blood redeem'd.

Praising Christ.

- 1 **J**ESUS Christ, God's holy Lamb, *Hal.*
 We will laud thy lovely name :
 We were sav'd by God's decree,
 And our debt was paid by thee.
- 2 Thou hast wash'd us in thy blood,
 Made us kings and priests to God :
 Take this tribute of the poor ;
 Less we can't, we can't give more.
- 3 Souls redeem'd, your voices raise ;
 Sing your dear Redeemer's praise :
 Worthy thou of love and laud,
 King of saints, incarnate God.
- 4 Righteous are thy ways, and true ;
 Endless honours are thy due :
 Grace and glory in thee shine ;
 Matchless mercy, love divine.
- 5 We, for whom thou once wast slain,
 We thy ransom'd sinner-train,
 In this one request agree,
 " Make us more resemble thee."

Backsliders. 3 Hymns.

- 1 **B**ACKSLIDING souls, return to God ;
 Your faithful God is gracious still :
 Leave the false ways ye long have trod,
 And he will all backslidings heal.
- 2 Your first espousals call to mind ;
 'Tis time ye should be now reclaim'd.

What fruit could ever Christians find
In things whereof they're now ashamed?

- 3 The indignation of the Lord
A while endure, for 'tis your due:
But firm and stedfast stands his word;
Tho' you are faithless, he is true.
- 4 Poor famish'd prodigal, come home;
Thy Father's house is open yet:
Much greater mercy bids thee come
Than all thy sins, tho' these are great.
- 5 The blood of Christ (a precious blood!)
Cleanses from all sin (doubt it not),
And reconciles the soul to God,
From ev'ry folly, ev'ry fault.

69.

- 1 **D**ESERTERS, to the camp return;
Resume your former post;
Bewail your crimes, your baseness mourn,
For yet ye are not lost.
- 2 Your's is a sad, a dang'rous case;
Be humble and repent:
Mercy you'll find, tho' e'er so base,
The moment you relent.
- 3 Sinners are sav'd by Jesu's blood,
How wild so e'er they be:
Eternal life's the gift of God;
And gifts are always free.
- 4 'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which any man has done;
But God has sent his Son to bless:
Return, and kiss the Son.

70.

- 1 FROM pois'nous errors, pleasing cheats,
And gilded baits of sin,
Which, swallow'd as delicious meats,
Infect and rot within;
- 2 Lord, pardon a backslider base,
Returning from the dead;
Asham'd to shew his shameful face,
Or lift his guilty head.
- 3 Ah! what a fool have I been made?
Or rather made myself?
That mariner's mad part I play'd,
That sees, yet strikes the shelf.
- 4 How weak must be this wicked heart,
Which boasting much to know,
Made light of all thy bitter smart,
And wanton'd with thy woe!
- 5 Monstrous ingratitude, I own;
Well worthy wrath divine!
'Can blood such horrid crimes atone?
Yes, blood so rich as thine.
- 6 Then, since thy mercy makes me melt,
My baseness I deplore:
Regard the grief and shame I've felt,
And daily make them more.

71.

His Mercy endureth for ever. Psalm cxxxvi.

GOD's mercy is for ever sure,
Eternal is his name:
His mercy is for ever sure.
As long as life and speech endure,
My tongue, this truth proclaim:
His mercy is for ever sure.

- 2 I basely sinn'd against his love,
 And yet my God was good:
 His mercy is for ever sure.
 His favour nothing could remove,
 For I was bought with blood:
 His mercy is for ever sure.
- 3 That precious blood atones all sin,
 And fully clears from guilt:
 His mercy is for ever sure.
 It makes the foulest sinner clean,
 For 'twas for sinners spilt:
 His mercy is for ever sure.
- 4 He rais'd me from the lowest state,
 When hell was my desert:
 His mercy is for ever sure.
 I broke his law, and (worse than that)
 Alas! I broke his heart:
 His mercy is for ever sure.
- 5 My soul, thou hast (let what will ail)
 A never changing Friend:
 His mercy is for ever sure.
 When brethren, friends, and helpers fail,
 On him alone depend:
 His mercy is for ever sure.

72.

The Lord our righteousness. Jer. xxiii. 6.

- 1 JEHOVAH is my righteousness;
 In him alone I'll boast:
 Jehovah is my righteousness.
 My tongue his mercy shall confess,
 Who seeks and saves the lost:
 Jehovah is my righteousness.

- 2 When sunk in fears, with anguish prest,
 Bow'd down with weighty woe,
 Jehovah is my righteousness.
 My weary soul in him finds rest;
 From him my comforts flow:
 Jehovah is my righteousness.
- 3 I'll lay me down, and sweetly sleep,
 For I have peace with God:
 Jehovah is my righteousness.
 And when I wake, he shall me keep,
 Thro' faith in Jesu's blood:
 Jehovah is my righteousness.
- 4 Ten thousand and ten thousand foes
 Shall not my soul destroy:
 Jehovah is my righteousness.
 My God their counsels overthrows,
 And turns my grief to joy:
 Jehovah is my righteousness.

73.

Salvation to the Lamb.

- 1 **P**OOOR sinner, come, cast off the fear,
 And raise thy drooping head:
 Come, sing with all poor sinners here,
 Jesus, who once was dead.
 Salvation sing; no word more meet
 To join to Jesu's name:
 Let every thankful tongue repeat,
Salvation to the Lamb.
- 2 Saints, from the garden to the cross
 Your conqu'ring Lord pursue,
 Who, dearly to redeem your loss,
 Groan'd, bled, and dy'd for you;

Now reigns victorious over death,
 The glorious great I AM :
 Let ev'ry soul repeat with faith,
Salvation to the Lamb.

- 3 When we incurr'd the wrath of God,
 (Alas! what could we worse?)
 He came, and with his own heart's blood
 Redeem'd us from the curse.
 This paschal Lamb, our heav'nly meat,
 Was roasted in the flame.
 Repeat, ye ransom'd souls, repeat,
Salvation to the Lamb.

74.

Baptism. 3 Hymns.

- 1 FATHER of heav'n, we thee address;
 (Obedience is our view)
 Accept us in thy Son, and bless
 The work we have to do.
- 2 Jesus, as water well apply'd,
 Will make the body clean;
 So in the fountain of thy side
 Wash thou the soul from sin.
- 3 Celestial Dove, descend from high,
 And on the water brood;
 And with thy quick'ning pow'r apply
 The water and the blood.
- 4 Great God, Three-One, again we call,
 And our requests renew;
 Accept in Christ, and bless withal
 The work we've now to do.

75.

- 1 **BY** what amazing ways
The Lord vouchsafes t' explain
The wonders of his sov'reign grace
Towards the sons of men!
- 2 He shews us, first, how foul
Our nature's made by sin:
Then teaches the believing soul
The way to make it clean.
- 3 Our baptism first declares
What need we've all to cleanse:
Then shews that Christ to all God's heirs
Can purity dispense.
- 4 Water the body laves;
And, if 'tis done by faith,
The blood of Jesus surely saves
The sinful soul from death.
- 5 Water no man denies:
But, brethren, rest not there;
'Tis faith in Christ that justifies,
And makes the conscience clear.
- 6 Baptiz'd into his death,
We rise to life divine:
The Holy Spirit works the faith,
And water is the sign.

76.

- 1 **BURIED** in baptism with our Lord,
We rise with him to life restor'd:
Not the bare life in Adam lost,
But richer far, for more it cost.

- 2 Water can cleanse the flesh, we own ;
But Christ well knows, and Christ alone,
How dear to him our cleansing flood,
Baptiz'd with fire, and bath'd in blood.
- 3 His was a baptism deep indeed,
O'er feet and body, hands and head.
He in his body purg'd our sin :
A little water makes us clean.
- 4 Not but we taste his bitter cup ;
But only he could drink it up :
To burn for us was his desire ;
And he baptizes us with fire.
- 5 This fire will not consume, but melt ;
How soft, compar'd with that he felt !
Thus cleans'd from filth, and purg'd from
dross,
Baptized Christian, bear the cross.

77.

Hymn, at recommending a Minister.

- 1 **H**OLY Ghost, inspire our praises,
Touch our hearts, and tune our tongues ;
While we laud the name of Jesus,
Heav'n will gladly share our songs.
Hosts of angels, bright and glorious,
While we hymn our common King,
Will be proud to join the chorus ;
And the Lord himself shall sing.
- 2 Raise we then our cheerful voices
To our God, who, full of grace,
In our happiness rejoices,
And delights to hear us praise.

- Whoſo lives upon his promiſe,
 Eats his fleſh and drinks his blood:
 All that's paſt, and all to come, is
 For that ſoul's eternal good.
- 3 Happy ſoul! that hears and follows
 Jeſus ſpeaking in his word:
 Paul, and Cephas, and Apollos,
 All are his in Chriſt the Lord.
 Ev'ry ſtate, howe'er diſtreſſing,
 Shall be profit in the end;
 Ev'ry ordinance a bleſſing,
 Ev'ry providence a friend.
- 4 Chriſtian, doſt thou want a teacher,
 Helper, counſellor, or guide?
 Wouldſt thou find a proper preacher?
 Aſk thy God, and he'll provide.
 Build on no man's parts or merit,
 But behold the goſpel-plan;
 Jeſus ſends his Holy Spirit,
 And the Spirit ſends the man.
- 5 Bleſs, dear Lord, each lab'ring ſervant;
 Bleſs the work they undertake:
 Make them able, faithful, fervent;
 Bleſs them for thy church's ſake.
 All things for our good are given,
 Comforts, croſſes, ſtaffs, or rods:
 All is ours in earth and heav'n;
 We are Chriſt's, and Chriſt is God's.

78.

At Diſmiſſion. 5 Hymns.

- 1 DISMISS us with thy bleſſing, Lord;
 Help us to feed upon thy word:
 All that has been amiſs forgive;
 And let thy truth within us live.

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- 2 Tho' we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesu's blood.
Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

79.

- 1 ONCE more, before we part,
We'll bleſs the Saviour's name.
Record his mercies, ev'ry heart;
Sing, ev'ry tongue, the ſame.
- 2 Hoard up his ſacred word,
And feed thereon and grow;
Go on to ſeek to know the Lord,
And praſtiſe what you know.

80.

- 1 LORD, help us on thy word to feed;
In peace diſmiſs us hence.
Be thou, in ev'ry time of need,
Our refuge and defence.
- 2 We now deſire to bleſs thy name;
And in our hearts record,
And with our thankful tongues proclaim,
The goodneſs of the Lord.

81.

GUARDIAN of thy helpleſs ſheep,
Jeſus, Almighty Lord,
Help our heedful hearts to keep
The treaſure of thy word.
Let not Satan ſteal what's ſown.
Bid it bring forth precious fruit.

L

Thou can'st soften hearts of stone,
And make thy word take root.

82.

FATHER, ere we hence depart,
Send thy good Spirit down,
To reside in ev'ry heart,
And bless the seed that's sown.
Fountain of eternal love,
Thou freely gav'st thy Son to die;
Send thy Spirit from above,
To quicken and apply.

DOXOLOGIES.

I.

O Praise the Lord, ye heav'nly host;
The same on earth be done.
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The great, the good Three-One.

2.

TO the great Godhead, Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory, praise, and honour, giv'n
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

3.

WITH all the heav'nly host
Let Christians join to laud
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our Saviour and our God.

4.

GIVE glory to God,
 Ye children of men,
 And publish abroad
 Again and again
 The Son's glorious merit,
 The Father's free grace,
 The gifts of the Spirit,
 To Adam's lost race.

5.

GLORY to th' Eternal be,
 Three in One, and One in Three;
 God that pitied sinners lost,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

6.

YE sons of men, your voices raise,
 And sing th' eternal Father's praise,
 And glorify the Son;
 Give glory to the Holy Ghost,
 And join with all th' angelic host
 To bless the great Three-One.

7.

WE laud thy name, Almighty Lord,
 The Father of all grace:
 We laud thy name, incarnate Word,
 Who sav'dst a sinful race:
 We laud thy name, blest Spir't of truth,
 Who dost salvation seal;
 Incline the heart, unclosethe the mouth,
 And sanctify the will.

A P P E N D I X.

Chastisement, 3 Hymns.

I.

- 1 **H**APPY the man that bears the stroke
Of his chastising God;
Nor stubbornly rejects his yoke,
Nor faints beneath his rod.
- 2 They who the Lord's correction share
Find favour in his eyes;
As kindest Fathers will not spare
Their children to chastise.
- 3 Thy Lord for nothing would not chide;
Thou highly should'st esteem
The cross that's sent to purge thy pride,
And make thee more like him.
- 4 For this correction render praise;
'Tis giv'n thee for thy good.
The lash is steep'd he on thee lays,
And soften'd in his blood.
- 5 Know, whom the Saviour favours much,
Their fault he oft reproves;
He takes peculiar care of such,
And chastens whom he loves.
- 6 Then kiss the rod; thy sins confess;
It shall a blessing prove;
And yield the fruits of righteousness,
Humility and love.

2.

- 1 **G**OLD in the furnace try'd
Ne'er loses ought but dross:
So is the Christian purify'd
And better'd by the cross.

22 I

- 2 Afflictions make us see
 (What else would 'scape our sight)
 How very foul and dim are we,
 And God how pure and bright.
- 3 The punish'd child repents;
 The parent's bowels move;
 Th' offended father soon relents,
 And turns with double love.
- 4 If God rebuke for pride,
 He'll humble thy proud heart;
 If for thy want of love he chide,
 That love he will impart.
- 5 He shall by means like these
 Thy stubborn temper break;
 Soften thy heart by due degrees,
 And make thy spirit meek.
- 6 His chast'ning therefore prize,
 The priv'lege of a faint;
 Their hearts are hard who that despise,
 And theirs too weak who faint.

3.

- 1 **T**O thee, my God, I make my plaint;
 To thee my trembling soul draws near;
 Let not thy chast'ning make me faint,
 Nor guilt o'erwhelm me with despair.
- 2 What tho' thou frown to try my faith?
 What tho' thy heavy hand afflict?
 Thou wilt not give me up to death,
 Nor enter into judgment strict.
- 3 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right.
 Thy rod commands me to repent.
 If with my sin compar'd, 'tis light,
 And all in faithfulness is sent.

- 4 What would my blood avail, if spilt?
 Thou hast in richer blood been paid,
 When all my dreadful debt of guilt
 Was on my dying Saviour laid.
- 5 Then help me by thy grace to bear
 Whate'er thou send to purge my dross.
 If in his crown I hope to share,
 Why should I grudge to bear his cross?
- 6 Tho' thou severely with me deal,
 Still will I in thy mercy trust.
 Accomplish in me all thy will;
 Only remember, I am dust.

4.

Praying for Fruitfulness. 2 Hymns.

- 1 **L**ORD, if with thee part I bear;
 If I thro' thy word am clean;
 In thy mercy if I share;
 If thy blood has purg'd my sin;
 To my needy soul impart
 Thy good Spirit from above,
 To enrich my barren heart
 With HUMILITY and LOVE.
- 2 Lord, my heart, a desert vast,
 Thy manuring hand requires.
 Sin has laid my vineyard waste,
 Overgrown with weeds and bri'rs.
 Thou can't make this desert bloom.
 Breathe, O! breathe, celestial Dove,
 Till it blow with rich perfume
 Of HUMILITY and LOVE.
- 3 Vanquish in me lust and pride.
 All my stubbornness subdue.
 Smile me into fruit—or chide,
 If no milder means will do.

Ah! compassionate my case;
 Let the *poor* thy pity move.
 Give me, of thy boundless grace,
 Give HUMILITY and LOVE.

4 Why should one that bears thy name,
 Why should thy adopted child,
 Be in rags expos'd to shame,
 Like a savage fierce and wild?
 With thy children I would sit,
 And not like an alien rove:
 Clothe my soul, and make it fit,
 With HUMILITY and LOVE.

5 Greatest sinners, greatly spar'd,
 Love much, and themselves debase.
 Mine's a paradox too hard;
Rich of mercy, poor of grace!
 Me thou hast forgiven much;
 (This my sins too plainly prove)
 Give me what thou givest such,
 Much HUMILITY and LOVE.

5.

- 1 JESUS, to thee I make my moan;
 My doleful tale I tell to thee;
 For thou canst help, and thou alone,
 A lifeless lump of sin like me.
- 2 Fain would I find increase of faith;
 Fain would I see fresh graces bloom.
 But ah! my heart's a barren heath,
 Blasted with cold, and black with gloom.
- 3 True; thou hast kindly giv'n me light
 I know what Christians ought to be.
 But did thy blind receive their sight,
 Nothing but dismal things to see?

- 4 Tho' winter waste the earth a while,
 Spring soon revives the verdant meads.
 The ripening fields in summer smile,
 And autumn with rich crops succeeds.
- 5 But I from month to month complain.
 I feel no warmth ; no fruits I see.
 I look for life, but dead remain ;
 'Tis winter all the year with me.
- 6 Yet fin's rank weeds within me live ;
 Barrenness is not all I bear :
 I do not so for *nothing* grieve ;
 Alas ! there's worse than *nothing* there.
- 7 Still on thy promise I'll rely,
 From whom alone my fruit is found,
 Until the Spirit from on high
 Enrich the dry and barren ground.

6.

The Brazen Serpent. Numb. xxi.

- 1 **W**HEN the chosen tribes debated
 'Gainst their God, as hardly treated,
 And complain'd their hopes were spilt,
 God, for murm'ring to requite them,
 Fiery serpents sent to bite them ;
 Lively type of deadly guilt.
- 2 Stung by these, they soon repented ;
 And their God as soon relented.
 Moses pray'd : he answer gave ;
 "Serpents are the beasts that strike them,
 "Make of brass a serpent like them ;
 "That's the way I chuse to save."
- 3 Vain was bandage, oil, or plaister ;
 Rankling venom kill'd the faster,
 Till the serpent Moses took,

Rear'd it high, that all might view it,
 Bid the bitten look up to it ;
 Life attended ev'ry look.

- 4 Jesus thus, for sinners smitten,
 Wounded, bruised, serpent-bitten,
 To his cross directs their faith.
 Why should I then poison cherish ?
 Why despair of cure, and perish ?
 Look, my soul, tho' stung to death.
- 5 Thine's (alas!) a lost condition;
 Works cannot work thee remission,
 Nor thy goodness do thee good.
 Death's within thee, all about thee ;
 But the remedy's without thee ;
 See it in thy Saviour's blood.
- 6 See the Lord of glory dying !
 See him gasping ! Hear him crying !
 See his burden'd bosom heave !
 Look, ye sinners, ye that hung him ;
 Look, how deep your sins have stung him ;
 Dying sinners, look, and live.

7.

The relative Duties.

- 1 CHRISTIANS, in your sev'ral stations,
 Dutiful to all relations,
 Give to each his proper due.
 Let not their unkind behaviour
 Make you disobey your Saviour;
 His command's the rule for you.
- 2 Parents, be to children tender.
 Children, full obedience render
 To your parents in the Lord.
 Never slight nor disrespect them ;
 Nor, thro' pride, when old, reject them ;
 'Tis the precept of the word.

- 3 Wives, to husbands yield subjection.
 Husbands, with a kind affection,
 Cherish as yourselves your wives.
 Masters, rule with moderation;
 Sway'd by justice, not by passion,
 To the scriptures square your lives.
- 4 Servants, serve your masters truly,
 Not unfaithful, nor unruly,
 To the good—nor to the bad;
 Not refusing what you 're bidden,
 Nor replying when you 're chidden;
 'Tis the ordinance of God.
- 5 This shall solve th' important question,
Whether thou 'rt a real Christian.
 Better than each golden dream.
 Better far than lip-expression,
 Tow'ring notions, great profession.
 This shall shew your love to him.

8.

The Scriptures.

- 1 **SAY**, Christian, would'st thou thrive
 In knowledge of thy Lord?
 Against no scripture ever strive,
 But tremble at his word.
- 2 Revere the sacred page.
 To injure any part
 Betrays, with blind and feeble rage,
 A hard and haughty heart.
- 3 If ought there dark appear,
 Bewail thy want of sight;
 No imperfection can be there,
 For all God's words are right.
- 4 The scriptures and the Lord
 Bear one tremendous name;

The written and th' Incarnate Word
In all things are the same.

- 5 For Jesus is the truth,
As well as life and way.
The two edg'd sword that's in his mouth
Shall all proud reas'ners slay.
- 6 Why dost thou call him Lord,
And what he says resist?
The soul that stumbles at the word
Offended is at Christ.
- 7 The thoughts of men are lies.
The word of God is true :
To bow to *that* is to be wise ;
Then hear, and fear, and do.

9.

Suffer the word of exhortation. Heb. xiii. 22.

- 1 **T**AKE heed, ye Christians, how ye hear ;
Pay ev'ry truth respect ;
The word of exhortation bear ;
Not treat with cold neglect.
- 2 Despise not those that would you warn.
Remember, this is true ;
He that his duty will not learn,
His duty will not do.
- 3 Who flights, in any part, God's word,
Shews a too haughty look.
The slothful soul will not be stirr'd,
Nor scorers hear rebuke.
- 4 Better's a babe that would be wise
Than those who mind high things ;
Whose long profession scorns advice,
Those old and foolish kings.

- 5 Lord, let me not, by pride entic'd,
 Thy precepts count a load;
 Help me to keep the faith of Christ,
 And the commands of God.

10.

Treasure in Heaven. 2 Hymns.

- 1 REMEMBER, man, thy birth;
 Set not on gold thy heart.
 Naked thou cam'st upon the earth,
 And naked must depart.
- 2 This world's vain wealth despise;
 Happiness is not here.
 To Jesus lift thy longing eyes,
 And seek thy treasure there.
- 3 Be wise to run thy race,
 And cast off ev'ry load.
 Strive to be rich in works of grace:
 Be rich towards thy God.
- 4 The poor may thus be rich,
 Their means however small.
 When rich men once gave very much,
 Two mites exceeded all.
- 5 If profit be thy scope,
 Diffuse thy alms about:
 The worldling prospers laying up,
 The Christian laying out.
- 6 Returns will not be scant,
 With honour in the high'st;
 For who relieves his brethren's want,
 Bestows his alms on Christ.
- 7 Give gladly to the poor;
 'Tis lending to the Lord:

In secret so increase thy store,
And hide in heav'n the hoard.

- 8 There thou may'st fear no thief;
No rankling rust nor moth.
Thy treasure and thy heart are safe :
Where one is, will be both.

II.

- 1 **L**UKEWARM souls, the foe grows stronger;
See what hosts your camp surround.
Arm to battle, lag no longer.
Hark ! the silver trumpets sound.
Wake, ye sleepers, wake. What mean you ?
Sin besets you round about.
Up, and search. The world's within you.
Slay, or chase the traitor out.
- 2 What enchants you ; pelf, or pleasure ?
Pluck right eyes ; with right hands part.
Ask your conscience, Where's your treasure ?
For, be certain, there 's your heart.
Give the fawning foe no credit.
Lo ! the bloody flag's unfurl'd.
That base heart (the word has said it)
Loves not God that loves the world.
- 3 God and Mammon ? Oh be wiser.
Serve them both ? It cannot be.
Ease in warfare, saint and miser,
These will never well agree.
Shun the shame of foully falling,
Cumber'd captives, clogg'd with clay.
Prove your faith ; make sure your calling ;
Wield the sword, and win the day.

- 4 Forward press towards perfection.
 Watch and pray, and all things prove.
 Seek to know your God's election;
 Search his everlasting love.
 Dread backsliding; scorn dissembling;
 Now salvation's near in view,
 Work it out with fear and trembling,
 'Tis your God that works in you.

I 2.

Pray without ceasing. 1 Theff. v. 17.

- 1 **P**RAY'R was appointed to convey
 The blessings God designs to give.
 Long as they live should Christians pray,
 For only while they pray they live.
- 2 The Christian's heart his pray'r indites,
 He speaks as prompted from within;
 The Spirit his petition writes,
 And Christ receives and gives it in.
- 3 And wilt thou in dead silence lie,
 When Christ stands waiting for thy pray'r?
 My soul, thou hast a friend on high;
 Arise, and try thy int'rest there.
- 4 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
 If cares distract, or fears dismay;
 If guilt deject; if sin distress;
 The remedy's before thee—Pray.
- 5 'Tis pray'r supports the soul that's weak,
 Tho' thought be broken, language lame.
 Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak;
 But pray with faith in Jesu's name.

- 6 Depend on him; thou can'st not fail.
 Make all thy wants and wishes known.
 Fear not; his merits must prevail;
 Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

13.

The Lord's Prayer.

- 1 FATHER of Spir'its in heav'n and earth,
 Higher than all that's high't,
 God of our first and second birth,
 Father of Jesus Christ;
- 2 Let all, with rev'rence and with love,
 Thy sacred name adore.
 Set up thy throne all thrones above,
 And reign for evermore.
- 3 Help us thy pleasure to fulfil,
 As done by heav'nly pow'rs.
 Accomplish in us all thy will,
 And let that will be ours.
- 4 Our souls and bodies feed, we pray,
 With food that thou see'st best:
 We ask our portion for the day,
 And leave to thee the rest.
- 5 Let mercy pardon all our crimes,
 Which justice must condemn,
 As some have wrong'd us many times,
 And we would pardon them.
- 6 Let not temptation us befall,
 Temptation from the dev'l;
 But rescue and defend us all
 From ev'ry thing that's ev'l.

7 Thine is the kingdom, thine the pow'r,
O'er angels and o'er men;
The glory too for evermore
Is thine. AMEN, AMEN.



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